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THE BOOKMAN

A TILT WITH TWO CRITICS

By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant

THE other day I met on a New York doorstep one of America's leading poets. He asked me to preserve his incognito, so I shall tell you only that he had a tinge of grey in his black hair and a grave, squarish countenance that had been one of the first, if not the first, to look on the small mid-western town and discover what its Puritan mask concealed of pity and pain and ugliness and frustration.

As we went into the door together, he began to tell me about a recent journey to Europe: he had gone, it seemed, to stay forever, since life in America was impossible for the liberal artist. Well, he had returned very swiftly. England was like an airless room. France wore a face of incurable sadness. Egypt was full of social oppression and British officers with cracking knees. In Athens, in Rome, one met beauty in the plastic vision of the ancients. But it was beauty of the past and...he had turned around and was on his way to a little farm in the middle west.

What drew him back? It was, I dare affirm in spite of a recent definition in "The Atlantic Monthly", "our national genius". I wish Stuart P. Sherman and Harold Stearns might have shared that lunch, even to the rye and Egyptian cigarettes the poet produced from his pockets. For the professor-critic would have been obliged to admit in all honesty that here was an American writer who, however anti-Puritan, was deeply concerned to express "the purpose and meaning of this vast, half-articulate land". And the young *révolté* would perhaps have realized that if poets in the middle years are ready to stand by and see America through, it is not for the young intellectuals to desert their guns.

The editor of THE BOOKMAN has assumed that I can find some safe land of compromise between these two able and controversial critics, Sherman (who spoke out in the January "Atlantic") and Stearns (who responded in the March BOOKMAN). It is not an

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easy ground to find. For, though morals and manners and creative and intellectual tendencies are all of a piece, the attack of the Grundies on the young generation last year seems but a light skirmish compared to this present serious battle between two groups of intelligent and earnest Americans, tortured, both of them, in their intellectual and spiritual differences by this desperate need to agree which Santayana has found characteristic of our fellow citizens. "America", he says, "is all one prairie swept by a universal tornado." Though it calls itself the land of freedom, it is really the land of compulsions, and one of the great compulsions is that we must think and feel alike. "You must wave, you must cheer, you must push with the irresistible crowd; otherwise you will feel like a traitor, a soulless outcast, a deserted ship high and dry on the shore."

Mr. Sherman's whole article is an attempt to make the "intelligentsia" feel traitorous. He has drawn what—I agree with Mr. Stearns—seems a very unreal portrait of a young intellectual lost to virtue through contact with the Freudian philosophy, and false to the civilization of Lincoln, Emerson, and our Puritan forebears because he wishes to create an art and literature of which moral idealism and unmixed Anglo-Saxon tradition are not the mainspring. The picture has in it none of that shrewd and humorous tolerance which William Allen White has brought from Kansas under his soft black hat. In spite of Mr. White's tears over the bone dry objective fiction of Sinclair Lewis and Company—who descend, by the way, pretty directly from the poet you met in the first paragraph—his "we who are about to die salute you" in a recent "New Republic" has in it more of true invitation to youth to commune with age and wisdom than Mr. Sherman's caustic summons to those "who are so anxious to secede from the major effort of their countrymen" "to cultivate acquaintance with the eminent builders of civilization", for that might "create in them a consciousness of the ignobility of their aims".

Mr. Sherman cannot, by his analogies and quotations, persuade some of us that the aims of critics of the weight and conscience of Mr. Spingarn and Mr. Lewisohn are divorced from "truth, morals, and democracy" because they approach them from the angle of relativity. One may or may not enjoy the turgid prose of Theodore Dreiser; but to see in the robustness of his books only bad grammar and an account of the habits and traits of animals; to fail to admit that though un-English he is yet hyper-American—this seems unworthy of a critic of Mr. Sherman's penetration. And I wonder if the fairness of Mr. Stearns's reply, his genuine readiness to meet the older generation half way, has not made Mr. Sherman a little sorry to have dipped his pen in the gall of contempt when he might have tried simply to understand. The young painter who "lets himself out" by representing on canvas the burst of energy set free by a subway train, the young poet who finds in D. H. Lawrence's "Women in Love" a mystic revelation of truth about sex, is groping for something new in the field of art and experience which it is the critic's business to study with sympathy. If he turns aside, saying that the new art is mad, and Lawrence an obscene sensualist, all chance is lost of that corrective interchange which is age's truest recompense and youth's finest privilege in traditional countries like France where such inevitable differences on youth's

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part are, far more than in our own "pioneer" land, admitted, believed in, indeed hoped for and provoked.

I seem to be taking sides with Harold Stearns instead of refuting him, and I do share his lament that brilliant and solid critics like Mr. Sherman should not have had a glimmer of what the anti-Puritan revolt signifies for the present and still more the future in American art and life. Yet I condemn Mr. Stearns for feeling like a waif on his native shore just because the voices of the Shermans are still the dominant voices. The young *révoltés*, he says, are reacting from the hollowness and hypocrisy of the standards they are supposed to worship. They revolt because they want an opportunity to do honest and serious work. Doesn't Mr. Sherman realize (he asks) that such work is impossible without an atmosphere of freedom, and futile unless it be welcomed by the civilization from which it springs? Apparently not. "Even the intelligent and tolerant desert us." So Mr. Stearns concludes that he and his contemporaries must leave the country. "We do not want to cut ourselves off from our national life, but we are inexorably being forced to do it—many of us shall probably starve when we go to some alien country, but at least we shall be able, spiritually, to breathe."

This weak conclusion to an otherwise finely tempered article is enough to make the ghost of Randolph Bourne rise from his grave. That "Literary Radical's" sense that the intellectuals must "shoulder the gigantic task of putting their ideals and revolutionary points of view into practice" (must, in short, create for themselves the atmosphere of freedom which Mr. Stearns misses) sounds like a clarion call all through the recent collected papers. And I can't believe that even the wave of reaction that followed the war would have shaken Bourne's belief that it is now—now above all—the business of the *révoltés* to make good their faith that America's cultural tradition is to be carved out of the future. The national genius, to Bourne, was not merely what we have inherited, but "what we altogether make out of the opportunity of attacking the future with a new key". Harold Stearns, by his forlorn gesture, simply throws the key of this future into the Atlantic Ocean. Henry James followed the same method a good many years ago. It is the solution of an individualist, and most of us believe that Henry James was justified, so far as his own work went. Yet wasn't it William James who, for all his restless searching, stuck out his years of revolt under the shadow of the Puritan temple—wasn't it the American, rather than the English James who opened the door to such freedom of thought as Harold Stearns and his friends have already come into? William James, to quote Santayana again, never quite freed himself. He was always aware of the "awful deprivations of disbelief". Yet in him we see a fountain of original creative energy bursting out of the native rock with a spontaneity that no dark shade of Academe could freeze or still. This younger generation which is so definitely breaking away from absolutist principles in both morals and art, may rightly look to him as the father of the philosophy behind its revolt.

That there is a sharp line of cleavage between the young and the old since the war, in England and America at least, is an open secret. Books like "Potterism" and "Limbo" in England, books like "The Narrow House" and "This Side of Paradise" in America,

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reveal the line as almost steely in its hard, clear brightness. And I can well imagine the shock a Harvard overseer of the fine old type would receive in the neighborhood of his solar plexus if he read "One Man's Initiation, 1917" by a recent Harvard graduate of great promise, John Dos Passos. Nothing could be less like the accepted Harvard view of the feelings of a heroic young soldier. Yet some of us who saw the war in France find that book a true and indeed a beautiful portrayal of the actions and reactions of one type of sophisticated and sensitive American. It is the kind of frank yet subtly shaded human document which Frenchmen have always produced. I count it a great advance that young America has emerged from our burst of idealist unanimity not only more self-conscious but with the determination—to which a love of France may well have contributed—to face objective facts, whether or not they are pleasant.

It is probable that for a time the unpleasant will be overstressed in American literature, and the pleasant denied or ignored. This is natural, necessary perhaps, in the leveling of scales weighed heavily in the Pollyanna direction. It was William Archer, I think, who told, after Howells's death, a story of how he was once walking in a back street in Boston with that genial novelist who expressed a wish that he might know what was going on behind the drawn shades of a certain blank-looking house. Archer grimly propounded certain possibilities from which his companion recoiled with an exclamation of horror and dismay. There you have suggested the difference between the old American realism of Howells and the "genteel tradition", and the new American realism of Evelyn Scott or Zona Gale. I doubt if either of these writers will ever give birth to as great a book as "The Rise of Silas Lapham". But I think someone as yet unborn may write a far greater because "Miss Lulu Bett" and "The Narrow House" came into being.

I am trying, you see, to think of reasons why Harold Stearns should stay in America. His chief reason for leaving is, if I understand him, that honest work cannot be produced here—unless it be by outstanding geniuses who are in his view independent of the inhibitions that come from prohibitions. Has he ever read "My Antonia" or "Poor White"? They were not, I imagine, too easily produced; they may not be works of first-rate genius. Yet both have that rare, that blessed quality of unhampered self-expression which is at the base of all fine and true art. When Mr. Stearns is drinking his *petit verre* on the boulevards, feeling very proud that he has circumvented Volstead, he may dimly hear, above the rumble of the traffic, these profoundly native American voices—and, like Masters, he will then suddenly, nostalgically, take ship for New York.

On the homeward voyage he may remember that there are nowadays, even for the intellectuals, a rather large number of avenues for free expression like "The Dial", "The Nation", "The Freeman", "The New Republic", not to mention THE BOOKMAN itself. He will perhaps reflect that even in France one does not meet the author of "Le Paquebot Tenacity" in the "Revue des Deux Mondes", nor does one read articles by Pierre Hamp in the "Journal des Débats". Yes, even in France (he may say to himself) differences of temper and point of view are segregated and lines are drawn between circles—yet neither Vildrac nor Hamp seems aware of "the awful depriva-

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tions of disbelief". Having got so far he may decide that after all Mr. Sherman is the loser in his recalcitrance to psychoanalysis. This will bring him to the shores of New England where Amy Lowell holds high her lance for freedom. And as he steams into New York harbor, it will come to him, as it used to come to me when I traveled the length of the A. E. F., that America has at the service of her children a fund as yet almost untapped of power, of generosity, of hope and productivity such as no European nation possesses.

The final test of the younger generation, the thing that will eventually prove its contribution to American life and literature to be a deep or a meagre draft on this great and largely unexploited fund, will be its disinterestedness. I prefer this term to Mr. Sherman's moral idealism but I admit that there is some resemblance between the two. If the younger generation have the failing of the younger generation in England as represented in "Potterism"—the tendency to work for what it gets out of things (for money, for success, for popular acclaim) instead of what it puts into things, then its members will not be the equals of the best of those who have preceded them even by ten years or so—of Willa Cather and Sherwood Anderson, for instance. One may not expect a young person of the present to say at the end of a busy week as her grandmother did, "What have I done to make others happy?"; but her "What have I done that was amusing and exciting?" leads one straight to Bertrand Russell's definition of the acquisitive as distinguished from the creative temper. The creative art certainly does not consist in squeezing into one's glass dozens and dozens of delicious oranges, though "objectivity" seems sometimes to point that way. It consists in turning oneself into the orange, in squeezing oneself, forcing out one's very last drop of juice. We are learning, in spite of the guardians of Puritanism, to create for the joy of creating, and to cultivate our native roots in all their variety—to graft New England stock with Semitic branches, and fertilize the prairie with seed from Scandinavia. But let the soil be never so rich and abundant, we shall not have a great art and literature until we are willing, as the pioneers were, to pour our blood and tears into the furrows.

Possibly the best way for the young *révoltés* to carry through their revolt is to see very clearly the line of cleavage from their elders—see it and glory in it, as Amy Lowell has deliberately done with the new poetry. And yet—not long ago I heard a poet, who ranks high among the new but draws all his originality from traditional New England roots, say that it was not necessary for a man to quarrel with his father in order to be free, in order to "take his place". He must "find his direction", find it and stick to it—but that done in youth, he could wait twenty years, if need be, for success. So speaking, in the midst of a reading of his farm poems, Robert Frost, with his timeless profile, his mop of tossed grey hair, his voice with its subtle hint of dialect, conveyed a direct sense of the creative spirit in America. And an ordinary, unilluminated New York audience found itself suddenly sharing his faith and patience, his life that had been lived for immaterial rewards, his most beautiful individual vision and expression of our national genius.

A vision, an expression utterly unlike Edgar Lee Masters's. Yet is one more American than the other? Let us be grateful for a nationality that includes them both.

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AN OUTLINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

By Donald Ogden Stewart

With Sketches by Herb Roth

INTRODUCTION

A CRITICAL SURVEY OF AMERICAN HISTORY

In the Manner of William Lyon Phelps

ON a memorable evening in the year 1904 I witnessed the opening performance of Maude Adams in "Peter Pan". Nothing in the world can describe the tremendous enthusiasm of that night! I shall never forget the moment when Peter came to the front of the stage and asked the audience if we believed in fairies. I am happy to say that I was actually the first to respond. Leaping at once out of my seat, I shouted "Yes—Yes!" To my intense pleasure the whole house almost instantly followed my example, with the exception of one man. This man was sitting directly in front of me. His lack of enthusiasm was to me incredible. I pounded him on the back and shouted, "Great God, man, are you alive! Wake up! Hurrah for the fairies! Hurrah!" Finally he uttered a rather feeble "Hurrah!" Childe Roland to the dark tower came.

That was my first meeting with that admirable statesman Woodrow Wilson, and I am happy to state that from that night we became firm friends. When Mr. Wilson was inaugurated in 1913 I called on him at the White House, taking with me some members of my Yale drama class. Each one of us had an edition of the president's admirable "History of the American People", and I am glad to say that he was kind enough to autograph each of the ten volumes for all of us.

Early in Mr. Wilson's second term as president, just before the break with Germany, I was sitting in the quiet of my library rereading Browning's "Cristina". When I came to the third stanza I leaped to my feet—the thing seemed incredible, but here before my eyes was actually Browning's prophetic message to America in regard to the submarine sinkings. "Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows! But not so sunk that moments—etc." It is an extraordinary evidence of the man's genius that in 1840 he should have perhaps foreseen prophetically the happenings of seventy-six years later! Not only did Browning seem to know what was bound to happen, but he told us the remedy. I sat right down and wrote to my good friend the president, enclosing a marked copy of the poem. On the sixth of April, 1917, war was declared.

May 7, 1912, was the one hundredth

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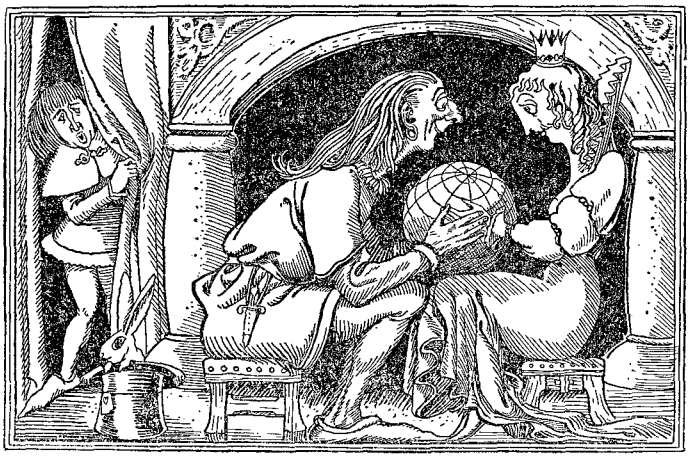
anniversary of the birth of Robert Browning. On that memorable date I was traveling to Ohio at the request of my dear friend Miss Jones to deliver an address at the Columbus School for Girls. Curiously enough the name of my Pullman car was Pauline. Not only did that strike me as remarkable, but I occupied upper birth number 9 in car 11, two numbers which, added together, produced the exact age at which Browning published the poem of that name. At once I recited the opening lines, "Pauline, mine own, bend o'er me—thy soft breast, shall pant to mine—bend o'er me," to the porter.

I like to believe that the spirit of Browning arranged that entire journey, for the other occupant of this well-omened berth was that admirable statesman Warren G. Harding. When I sat down I noticed that he was reading Henry Sydnor Harrison's "Queed", a book which was justly popular at that time. I at once showed Mr. Harding an article I had written in which I stated that not only was "Queed" a real novel, with a real plot and real characters, but that I believed the readers were stimulated by the spiritual advance of the hero. The future president agreed with me and said he thought that literature was a great thing. Encouraged by this I confessed that I was on my way to deliver a lecture on modern poetry. Mr. Harding replied that he thought poetry was a great thing. "Splendid!" I cried, and taking a copy of Browning from my bag I read him several selections. Mr. Harding said that of the American poets he liked James Whitcomb Riley best. Personally, while I have for Mr. Riley only wonder and praise, I think that the English poet strikes a more inspiring, more eternal note.

I then read to Mr. Harding Browning's "Evelyn Hope". He said that he knew a Mrs. Walter Hope in Marion, but that he was not sure her first name was Evelyn. As I knew that Mr. Harding liked a good pun, I remarked facetiously that "hope springs eternal", meaning that probably there were in existence several families of that name.



Colombo Teaches Geography to the Queen

I am happy to state that with that meeting began a friendship which has

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lasted for many years. When Mr. Harding was nominated for the presidency, I wrote at once, enclosing a copy of "The Advance of the English Novel" which I had published in 1916. On the title-page I wrote, "To the Hero of a Much More Spectacular Advance", meaning that the progress made by the English novel was as nothing compared to Mr. Harding's rapid and well-deserved rise. In reply I received the following:

6 July, 1920.

My Dear Professor Phelps:

Many thanks to you for your congratulations and your kindness in sending me your brilliant, searching essays which I hope to be able to read in the near future.

Warren G. Harding.

Just as I am always glad that I am an American, so I think we should all believe whole-heartedly in the glorious future which lies ahead of us. We should all pay high tribute to the ideals and sincerity of those great leaders Woodrow Wilson and Warren Harding. What a pity that some people believe that there is any antagonism or essential difference in the aims of those two worthy men. Both are absolutely sincere—both try to make the world a better, more happy place. And to the critic of history—as to the critic of art and literature—those are the essential things. Viewing the past and glimpsing the future of American history I cannot help feeling that Browning had us perhaps unconsciously in mind when he wrote:

God's in his heaven:
All's right with the world!

ANALYSIS AND SUMMARY OF THE FOREGOING ARTICLE

In the Manner of H. L. Mencken

BLAA!

Questions for Home Study and Review

1. Do you think "God's in his heaven: All's right with the world", when you have to pay $18.00 a quart for Scotch? (Be brief.)
2. Do you believe in fairies?
3. Have you one in your home?
4. Have you anything else in your home? (If so, give street number, city, county, and state.)
5. Which of the following criticisms, quoted directly from the published works of two critics, do you think was written by Professor Phelps?
   (a) "The real power of Henry Sydnor Harrison's 'V.V.'s Eyes' lies in its artistic handling of a great driving moral idea—the idea of Christian unselfishness, of the old paradox of saving one's life by losing it. Mr. Harrison is something more than a clever novelist; he is a valuable ally of the angels."
   (b) "Henry Sydnor Harrison's 100,000 word Christmas cards are simply sentimental bosh—huge gum drops for fat women to snuffle over. The people of 'V.V.'s Eyes' are preposterous and the thesis is too silly to be stated in plain words. Harrison is touched, I should say, by the delusion that he has a mission to make life sweeter, to radiate Gladness. What! More Gladness? A few more amperes and the land will be abandoned to the Jews, the ex-Confederates and the Bolsheviki."
6. Which of the following three critics wrote the other criticism?
   (a) Anatole France.
   (b) Edmund Gosse.
   (c) H. L. Mencken.
7. What would you do if a man read Browning to you on the train?
8. So would I.

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CHAPTER I

CRISTOFER COLOMBO: A COMEDY OF DISCOVERY

In the Manner of James Branch Cabell

In fourteen hundred ninety two
In the city of Genóa.
—Old Song.

THEY of Genoa tell with a shrug how in the old days Cristofer Colombo whom men called the Dreamer left Dame Colombo to go in search of the land of his imagining.

And the tale tells how, on a twilight Thursday, Colombo walked alone on the edge of a doubtful wood, and viewed many things not salutary to notice. And there came to him one who was as perversely tall as a certain unmentionable object and bearded in a manner it is not convenient to describe.

But Colombo set about that which the stranger said was necessary and when he had finished he drank the contents of the curious skull as had been foretold on a certain All-Saints day. Then it was that the stranger spoke.

"Whom are you", said he, "to be thus wandering in the very unspeakable forest of the very unnamable sorcerer Thyrston?"

Said Colombo, "I have heard of this Thyrston. And while I do not criticize, yet I cannot entirely agree with your improper use of the pronoun *whom,* and oh my dear sir", said Colombo, "those two *verys* would surely —oh, most surely—be mentioned in 'The Conning Tower'."

"Eh!" said Thyrston, frowning.

"I allude", said Colombo, "to the scribbling of a certain Adams with whom you are doubtless familiar, and of course, my dear Thyrston", said Colombo, "I spoke only jestingly, for I am Cristofer Colombo whom men call the Dreamer, and I go in search of the land of my imagining and it is truly a pleasure to meet the greatest sorcerer since Ckellyr, and how", said Colombo, "is dear Mrs. Thyrston?"

Then Thyrston showed Colombo what was written on the insecure parchment. It frightened Colombo a little, but he assented. And when the sorcerer had borrowed a silk hat and a gold watch he caused the skies to darken and Colombo saw that which men refuse to believe.

"But oh, now really sir", said Colombo, "that is indeed extremely clever and I do wish that the children were here to see it and would you mind, my dear Thyrston", said Colombo, "doing that egg trick again?"

Then Thyrston showed Colombo that he had nothing up either sleeve and after an interval he consented to teach Colombo the secret of his conjuring.

"Why now to be sure", said Colombo, after he had thoroughly mastered the trick, "that is indeed quite simple and I am sorry I broke those four eggs by mistake in your silk hat, and while I do not wish to appear oversensitive, do you not think, my dear Thyrston", said Colombo, "that the trick would go just as well without those abominable jokes about married life?"

"My dear sir", said Thyrston, "those jokes have been used by every conjurer since Merlin, and while perhaps without them your trick would work, yet I have never heard of it being done

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and I have found", said Thyrston, "that in sorcery the best results are obtained by doing the customary thing."

"Which only goes to show", said Colombo, "that sorcery is somewhat akin to business, and now that I think of it", said Colombo, "I believe that the term *wizard of industry* is perhaps not entirely a misnomer."

Thus it was that Colombo took leave of Thyrston, and the tale tells how on Walpurga's Eve he came to the court of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel. And as he entered one met him who was not unpleasing to the eye, and she was weeping. And, as it was somewhat dark, Colombo decided to comfort her.

"Now do you tell me, my dear", said Colombo, after an interval, "why it is you weep, for I am Colombo whom men call the Dreamer, and I go in search of the land of my imagining, and I think", said Colombo, "that you have most remarkably lovely eyes."

"Oh messire", said the lady, "I weep because it is this evening that I am to entertain the ladies of our Progress Literary Club, and Donna Margarita whom men call the Spanish Omelet, but who really, messire, has a lovely voice, was going to sing 'The Rosary' and now she has a cold and cannot sing, and king Ferdinand is coming, and oh, messire, what", said the lady, "shall I do?"

"Why now, truly", said Colombo, "in Genoa it was the judgment of all the really musically intelligent ladies, except perhaps my wife, that I sang not an unpleasing baritone, and while I do not know the song to which you refer, yet I have devoted most of my life to the composition of a poem concerning the land of my imagining which might well be sung, and besides that", said Colombo, "I can do a most remarkable egg trick."

So it was that Colombo became for a short time not undeservedly the life of the Progress Literary Club party. And the tale tells how, after a paper by Donna Violet Balboa on "Spanish Architecture—Then and Now", Colombo sang to them the song of the land of Colombo's imagining. And poignantly beautiful was the song, for in it was the beauty of a poet's dream, and the eternal loveliness of that vision which men have glimpsed in all ages if ever so faintly. And when he had finished, the eyes of Colombo were wet with tears, for into this poem had he woven the dreams of his disillusionment. And somewhat ironical to Colombo was the applause of those fine ladies who did not at all understand.

"Now that is a pretty song", said King Ferdinand, "and do you tell us, Colombo, how one may get to this land, so that I may extend the borders of my most Catholic kingdom and spread the teachings of the true faith, for to bring all the world under the blessed influence of my religion is my only purpose, and really now", said King Ferdinand, "is there as much gold there as you describe?"

"Ah, King Ferdinand", replied Colombo, "there is more gold than ever I can tell, and I see only too plainly how grievously you suffer to think that perhaps these people are living in ignorance of the true faith. And I could ask nothing better than that King Ferdinand give me ships in which I may sail to the westward and come at last to the land of my imagining. This I would do in order that the blessed soldiers of King Ferdinand who will follow me may show to the inhabitants of my discovered land the grievous errors of their ways and bring them at last to a realization of the true faith

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Colombo Does the Marvelous Egg Trick

which has been so helpful to our own dear Spain, and", added Colombo, "our gracious sovereign Ferdinand."

And droll it was to Colombo to think what might possibly happen were King Ferdinand to take his dream seriously or were the King perhaps to be informed as to the true meaning of Colombo's subtleties.

"Well, now", said King Ferdinand, "of course, to fit out such an expedition would require great expense my dear Colombo—great expense. And, of course, you know, Colombo, that when investors can buy Inquisition 4¼'s for 89 it would be extremely difficult to raise the money for such a speculative project—oh, extremely difficult. And then you must consider the present depression—tell me now, Colombo", said King Ferdinand, "how long do you think this depression will last, for I seek, above all things, a return to healthy normalcy."

"Well, truly", replied Colombo, "that would be most difficult to say. I note that on Rodigruez Babsyn's last chart—"

"I wish this Babsyn and his charts were in hell", said King Ferdinand, "for it was he who advised me to sell Queen Isabel's silver holdings. But it occurs to me, Colombo, that in connection with this land-of-gold scheme of yours, you mentioned something about sailing to the westward. Now Colombo, that would be a distinct disadvantage when it came to marketing the bonds, for as you must already know, one cannot sail to the west without encountering fierce and enormous monsters who swallow, I am told, whole ships at a gulp."

"Now as to that", said Colombo, somewhat embarrassed at the turn of the conversation, for *west* had merely happened to better suit the rhymes of his poem, "you may be right, and I should not go so far as to say you are wrong, but still at the same time", said Colombo, "is there any gentleman in the audience who can lend me an egg and a silk hat?"

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And when an unmentionable egg and a doubtful silk hat had been produced in a manner which it is not convenient to mention, Colombo rolled up both his sleeves and spoke the magic speech as he had learned it on a certain Thursday from the sorcerer Thyrston.

"Ladies and gentlemen", said Colombo, "I have here a common household egg which I shall now ask the ushers to pass among you so you may see for yourself that there are no wires or strings attached. While this is being done, ladies and gentlemen, I wish that three of you would step up on the stage. Any three—don't be bashful girls—I won't hurt you. Won't that couple over there kindly oblige me—that married couple—no, folks, I guess they aren't married either—they look too happy."

Very painful it was to Colombo to hear these horrible jokes coming from his mouth, but Thyrston had quoted the authority of all successful sorcerers and not for anything would Colombo have had his trick a failure.

"Now ladies and gentlemen", said Colombo, "I am going to ask this lady and these two gentlemen if they will be so good as to see if they can take this little egg and make it stand on end without any support."

And very droll it was to see the unsuccessful attempts which the three made. Finally Colombo said:

"Now ladies and gentlemen, I want you to watch me closely. I put the silk hat on my head—thus. And I take the egg in my right hand—thus. Now, if this young lady will be kind enough to hold my left hand—I hope that her best fellow doesn't mind letting such a pretty girl hold my hand—it's lucky my wife can't see me, though—a friend said to me the other day, 'Who was that lady I seen you with?' and I said, 'That wasn't no lady, that was my wife'. Now ladies and gentlemen I take this egg, and in order to make it stand upright I tap one end gently—thus—against the table until that end is flattened—and then, presto—the egg stands upright. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you one and all for your kind attention."

Thus it was that Colombo impressed King Ferdinand and his court with his profound knowledge of geography. Next the tale tells how there came to Colombo on Michaelmas Eve one sent by Queen Isabel. And when Colombo had buckled on his sword Impavide he followed the messenger through winding corridors and came at last to the chamber of the Queen. And as he knelt before her it seemed to Colombo that never before had he seen such unforgettable beauty as shone in the eyes of Queen Isabel. Yes, truly, this was the loveliest girl that Colombo had ever imagined.

"Now do you rise", said she, "and you and I shall have a nice chat alone here together, and you can tell me all about geography of which I am oh, frightfully ignorant. In truth", said she, "I have tried to get Ferdinand to instruct me, but I fear", said Queen Isabel, "that Ferdinand does not understand me."

So Colombo instructed Queen Isabel in the fundamentals of geography. And after a while he spoke.

"Now many people", said Colombo, "believe that the earth is flat, but", said Colombo, "such is not at all the case."

And after an interval Colombo said, "There, my dear, do you not see how ridiculous it is to suppose that the earth is anything but round?"

"Why surely, sire", said Queen Isabel, "you make it appear very round. And I wonder that I had not thought

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of that before. And I think", said Queen Isabel, "that geography is a most fascinating subject and oh, messire Colombo", said the queen, "you must come and instruct me often."

Thus it was that Colombo became Royal Geographer. And the tale tells how after a while various whisperings came to King Ferdinand of his queen's curious enthusiasm for study.

"Now about this geography", said King Ferdinand one evening to the Queen, "I am, my dear, indeed glad to see you take an interest in such an important study and I have arranged", said the King, "to have your tutoring in the future done by Father Bernadino who has had fifty-two years' experience at the University, and your lessons", said the King, "will commence tomorrow."

Said the Queen, "How can I thank you enough, dear Ferdinand, for your untiring interest in my welfare. For I have been struggling along in my study of geography with a horribly dull clod whose name", said the Queen, "I cannot remember."

"Was it, by any chance, Colombo?" asked the King.

"Perhaps," said the Queen. "But I am oh so glad to be rid of him." And indeed so great was the happiness of Queen Isabel that her pillow that night was wet with tears.

But King Ferdinand was an unusually efficient king, and he spared no pains in his craving for normalcy. So it was that the next day he called to him the man who had chanced to be Royal Geographer before the *coup d'œuf* of Colombo.

"Now tell me", said the King, "is there any chance that a man who sails to the westward will ever return?"

"None, your Majesty," said the ex-Royal Geographer. "For many have tried and horrible are the tales which they tell of demons and monsters lying in wait for the ships of men. And I should say definitely, oh King", said he, "that whoever sails to the westward will never return."

And the tale tells how that afternoon Colombo stood before King Ferdinand. And very strange to Colombo was the enthusiasm which burned in the King's otherwise somewhat fishlike eye.

"For know you, Colombo", the King was saying, "that God has spoken to me and commanded me to save from the fires of hell the inhabitants of those golden lands of which you sang. And to you, my dear Colombo, is to be given the chance which you so ardently desire. For I have this day purchased three ships which await your command, and within a week you should be well on your way on this glorious mission for God and for Spain, and", said the King, "I might add that the Queen too is much interested in this voyage and has even been persuaded to dispose of her jewels in order that you may make haste."

"Such instant obedience to the will of God", said Colombo, "and such fine enthusiasm to further His kingdom on earth, does your Majesties great credit. And I shall indeed congratulate the inhabitants of this to-be-discovered land for their good fortune in obtaining such a devout King."

And the tale tells how that night Colombo took leave of Queen Isabel. "Now do not weep, oh Queen", said he, "for I am only Colombo whom men call the Dreamer, and I go in search of the land of my imagining, and perhaps", said Colombo, "I shall return." But they tell how Queen Isabel refused to be comforted for many and many a day. And unexplainably curious to Father Bernadino was his absolute and complete failure as a royal instructor

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in geography, for Father Bernadino had taught for fifty-two years at the University.

And so it was that Colombo sat alone in the cabin of the ship which carried him towards the land of his imagining. And strange and somewhat fearsome it was to the sailors to see their captain sitting thus motionless night after night, for already had they left the Canaries far behind and some there were who said that a madman commanded their ship, and others who whispered of horrible monsters in these western seas.

And the tale tells how one night Colombo observed across his table one who had not been sitting there a moment before and whose hair was strangely red.

"Well now, truly, sir", said Colombo, "This is very curious. For I do not remember seeing you among the crew nor were you ever at the court, and on the whole", said Colombo, "your red hair and your sneering grin interrupt my dreams, and dreams", said Colombo, "are all that I have left."

"For know you, sir", continued he to the stranger who did not speak, "that on this earth man has been able to endure only by playing the ape to his dreams. And in every generation", said Colombo, "there have been those who dreamed of beautiful things and in every age there have been those who caught some glimpse of that perfect beauty which the Greeks call Helen, and to have seen Helen", said Colombo, "is to have been touched with divine and unbearable madness."

And it became strangely quiet in the cabin as Colombo continued:

"And those authors who wrote perfectly of beautiful dreams", said he, "will, perchance, endure, and those who saw only men as they are, will perish—for so has it been in the past and so will it be in the future. All of which", said Colombo, "is a rather tiresome and pedantic excuse for the fact that I am about to read you my own poem."

And Colombo read to the stranger the dream of the land of Colombo's imagining, and when he had finished the stranger smiled and shook his head sadly.

"Come, now," said Colombo, somewhat hurt. "Do not, I pray you, pretend to like it unless you really do. Of course it is not at all the kind of thing that will sell, is it—and the metre must be patched up in places, don't you think? And some of the most beautiful passages would never be permitted by the censor—but still —" and Colombo paused hopefully, for it was Colombo's poem and into it he had poured the heart of his life and it seemed to him now, more than ever, a beautiful thing.

The stranger handed Colombo a book.

"There", said he, "is the land of your imagining", and in his eyes gleamed a curious sardonic mockery.

And Colombo read the book. And when he had finished his face was grey as are old ashes in ancient urns, and about the mouth of him whom men called the Dreamer were curious hard lines.

"Now, by Heaven", said Colombo brandishing his sword Impavide, "you lie. And your Gopher Prairie is a lie. And you are all, all contemptible, you who dip your pens in tracing ink and seek to banish beautiful dreams from the world."

But the red-haired stranger had vanished and Colombo found that he was alone and to Colombo the world seemed cheerless and as a place that none has lived in for a long time.

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The Red-Haired Stranger Appears

"Now this is curious", mused Colombo, "for I have evidently been dreaming and a more horrible dream have I never had, and I think", said Colombo, "that while all this quite certainly did not actually take place, yet that grinning red head has upset me horribly and on the whole", said Colombo, "I believe the safest course would be to put back at once for Spain, for certainly I have no desire to take the remotest chance of discovering anything which may in the least resemble that Gopher Prairie."

And the tale tells that as Colombo started for the deck in order that he might give the signal for the return to Spain, there came across the water from one of the other ships the faint cry of a sailor. And the sailor was waving his hat and shouting, "Land Ho!"

Thus it was that Cristofer Colombo became the discoverer of the land of his imagining, and as he stood on the deck Colombo mused.

"Now this is a sorrowful jest and a very unfair jest that is happening," said he. "For I who have dreamed a beautiful dream of the land of my imagining will quite probably henceforth be known only as the discoverer of what will turn out to be merely one more hideous and stupid country." And tears came to the eyes of Colombo, for

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on the waves behind him floated the torn and scattered pages of the poem which sang the imagined vision of Beauty of him whom men long and long ago called the Dreamer.

Thus it was in the old days.

ANALYSIS AND SUMMARY OF THE FOREGOING ARTICLE

In the Manner of Dr. Frank Crane

THERE is a lesson for us all in this beautiful story of how Columbus realized his ambition to be a great discoverer.

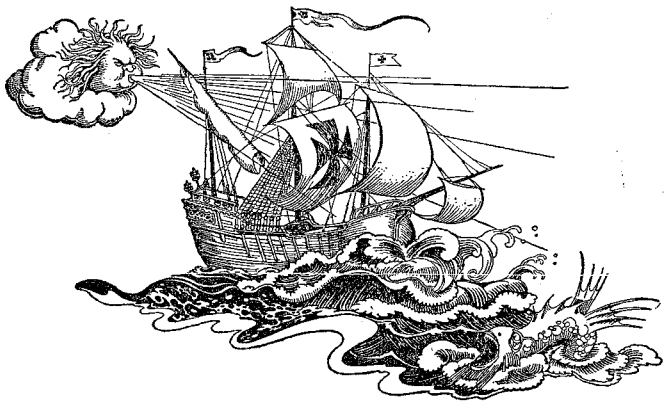
Men called Columbus a Dreamer—but that is just what folks once said about Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford.

The world has a place for Dreamers—if they are Practical Dreamers.

Columbus was ambitious. Ambition is a great thing if it is unselfish ambition. By unselfish I mean for the greatest good of the greatest number. Shakespeare, the great teacher, shows us in "Macbeth" what happens to the selfishly ambitious man.

Columbus got ahead by paying attention to small details. Whatever he did, he did to the best of his ability. Even when engaged in teaching geography to the Queen, Columbus was the best geography teacher he knew how to be. And before long he was made Royal Geographer.

In our daily lives let us all resolve to be good teachers of geography. We may not all become Royal Geographers—but there will be to us the lasting satisfaction of having done our best. And that, as a greater than I has said, is "more precious than rubies—yea, than much fine gold".



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FINN FANTASIA

By Siegfried Sassoon

I

SIBELIUS...What a name!...
You've heard the thing that sobbed him into fame,
Served (by request) at Trocadero Teas
Among the season's popularities.
You've overheard the parrot-voiced refrain
Of some half-anxious Piccadilly harlot,
With "sins", poor soul, to match the futile scarlet
Tacked on to give her aging black a touch of Spain...
"Valse Triste; it gives one creeps to listen; but I love it!"
Then the band crashes on; *Valse Triste* is gone:
The Giddy Girl Selection gallivants above it.

II

Sibelius in the flesh!...
Op. 63. A minor...(You refresh
With programme notes your overture of cerebration.)
Sibelius, famed throughout the Finnish nation,
Steps quietly through the orchestra. A Finn!
Bald; silver-skinned; a mask with bulging jaws:
A moon-fish in an ocean of applause.

His arms spread slowly backward: you begin
To grasp the fish-resemblance. Like a swimmer
He waves his hands. The atmosphere grows dimmer.
Faint rumourings of bassoons and double-basses
Announce the opening theme. You glimpse the faces
Of vague Aquarium loiterers. While you hearken,
From floor to roof the interior seems to darken,
Till you're a bubble in subaqueous swaying
Where wandering scales are touched by quivering spears
Of drowned terrestrial sunshine downward straying...
And there's a dim Sibelius in your ears.

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MURRAY HILL BIDS MR. CHESTERTON GOODBY

NEW YORK, *April*, 1921.

THE note, which came altogether as a surprise, read: "My husband suggests that if you have nothing better to do perhaps you would look in upon us on Wednesday evening at about eight thirty." Mrs. Chesterton further said, in giving the address, that they had a little apartment lent to them for the last week of their stay here. She had asked Mr. Woollcott to come, too, and Gerald Stanley Lee.... "We can only promise you smokes and talk."

I wondered, as I hurried for the 'bus, whether I'd have time to get my shoes polished. It was precisely the hour appointed when I reached what I took to be the door. The hall man declared that Mr. Chesterton had "gone out". I insisted that the hall man telephone up. "No answer," he said, after a bit, and hung up. Now what do you think of that! Well, I'd take a walk and return a little later.

As I was rounding the corner coming back I saw an agile, rotund figure, with a gleam of white shirt-front in the half-darkness, mounting the dusky steps instead of descending into the lighted area-way. Looked kinda like Mr. Woollcott. If so, the gentleman was going wrong, so I called to him.

"He has not come back," the hall man asserted, but assented to our demands to ring up again. No response. "It was about an hour ago he went out," he replied to our question. Standing there, Mr. Woollcott and I contrived several theories. One was that Mr. Chesterton had intended to return by now but had lost track of the time. Another was that possibly Mrs. Chesterton had invited us on her own hook and had overlooked notifying Mr. Chesterton of the matter. "Has a third gentleman been here?" we asked, meaning Mr. Lee. No. We went for a stroll.

It was nine o'clock. And Mr. Woollcott's manner indicated that he was inclined to take some sort of revenge on the hall man. Was he, the hall man, certain that he had everything straight? "Sure," he nodded; "it's Mr. Cushman's apartment." Mr. Cushman's apartment! Had we, then, been blundering in the wrong place all this time! "Mr. Chesterton!" roared Mr. Woollcott. Yes, yes; he understood that...the gentleman had come in yesterday. That was right according to the note I had had from Mrs. Chesterton; so we demanded that the man make another effort at the telephone. Ah!...he heard something. "It's all right," he mumbled; "they are there."

As we got out of the car Mr. Chesterton was cramming the tiny hall. He was in an attitude which I took to be that of a bow, but I later discovered, as he shuffled back and forth about the apartment, that he walks that way all the time now when in the privacy of his own quarters. Mrs. Chesterton greeted us as we entered the room, Mr. Chesterton trailing in behind us and continuing a welcoming murmur which had somewhat the sound of a playful brook. Mrs. Chesterton ensconced herself behind a tea table. Mr. Chesterton lumbered about with cigars. He disclaimed the great easy chair by the electric table lamp

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in which it was unmistakable that he had been sitting, but was prevailed upon to return to it.

In apology for the lateness of our arrival we mentioned our difficulties in discovering that he was in. Mr. Chesterton seemed bewildered by the circumstance. He shook his head and (evidently referring to the hall man) said he was not able to understand "that foreigner" at all. "That foreigner?" we smiled at the Englishman. I think it most likely that the explanation of his not having heard our earlier rings was that he was not familiar with the system of bells in the apartment. They had not been out,he declared; oh, yes! they had been out, too, a good while ago, to get something to eat. "We are camping here," he said, "in a rather bohemian fashion." Didn't they enjoy that as a change from life in fashionable hotels? Oh, yes! Very much.

They wondered if Mr. Lee were not coming. Yes; he had assured me that he was, when I had seen him that afternoon at the club. In fact, we had discussed what we would wear, and had agreed on dinner jackets. Mr. Chesterton was wearing a braid-bound cutaway coat of felt-like material (very much wrinkled in the skirt) and dark striped trousers of stiffish quality, but not recently pressed. His batwing collar had a sharp crease extending outward at one side as though it were broken. Though it was a very warm night for early spring—a hot night, indeed—he wore uncommonly heavy woolen socks, which were very much "coming down" about his ankles. His comically small English eyeglasses, with a straight rod joining them across the top, were perpetually coming off his nose. On one finger he wore a rather large ring. I noticed that for so large a man his hands were somewhat small, and were delicately made. At one side of him were three ashtrays (one of them a huge brass bowl well filled with tobacco ash) and at the other side of him one tray.

Well, what sort of time had he been having? How far west had he got? He had been as far (I think) as Omaha. "Half way across," he said. He had been much mystified by a curious character he had run into there: a strange being whose waistcoat and coat-front were covered by symbolic emblems, crescents, full moons, and stars. This person had accosted him in the street, saying, "And so you are a lecturer." The man had then informed him that he also was a lecturer. He lectured, he said, on astronomy. "Indeed, in my country," Mr. Chesterton had said, "it is not the custom for astronomers to display on their person devices symbolic of the science in which they are engaged." Next, the man had opened his coat and exhibited the badge of a sheriff, or some sort of officer of the peace. Mr. Chesterton had been astounded to discover the functions of a man of science, a lecturer, and a policeman united in one and the same person. It was quite evident that this (as I assume he was) harmless lunatic had made a most decided impression upon Mr. Chesterton's mind; he took the eccentric individual with much seriousness, apparently as some kind of type; indeed, I feared that we would never get him switched off from talking about him; and I have no doubt that, in the course of time, this ridiculous astronomer will appear as a bizarre character in some fantastic tale, a personage perhaps related to Father Brown, or something like that.

Mr. Chesterton observed that he had enjoyed the opportunity of seeing

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various grades of American life, that he had been in the homes of very humble people as well as in houses of persons of wealth and social and intellectual position. In a former article in this magazine I noted how Mr. Chesterton had been greatly startled to find (what he then called) "wooden houses" in this country, and such multitudes of them. He now returned to this phenomenon. What was his one outstanding impression of the United States? Well, he remarked that he had said it before, but he continued to be chiefly struck by the vast number of "frame houses" here.

Mr. Lee arrived. A gentleman who looks very much as though you were looking at his reflection in one of those trick mirrors (such as they have at Coney Island) which humorously attenuate and elongate the figures before them. Or, again, perhaps more justly still, a gentleman who looks as though Daumier had drawn him as an illustration for "Don Quixote". In his evening clothes (to put it still another way), a gentleman who looks much like a very lengthened shadow dancing on a wall. Whistler would have made something very striking indeed out of Mr. Lee in a dinner coat, something beautifully strange. I do not know that I have ever seen anything finer, in its own exceedingly peculiar way, than Mr. Lee, thus attired, with a cup of tea in his hand.

"Do you like wine?" Mr. Woollcott asked Mr. Chesterton, and told him of a restaurant nearby where this could be obtained. Our prohibition, Mr. Chesterton said, did not bother him so much as might be thought, as for reasons having to do with his health he was (as you or I would say) "off the stuff" at present.

One of us, Mr. Woollcott I think, commented upon the sweep of Mr. Chesterton's fame in the United States. The opinion was advanced that the evening of the day he landed his arrival was known in every literate home in New York. Mr. Chesterton was inclined to think that his "notoriety" in large measure came from his "appearance", his "avoirdupois". Knowledge of him had spread through the notion that he was a "popular curiosity". It was contended that his writing had been well known over here ten years before his pictures became familiar to us. (Though, of course, I myself do think that the pictorial quality of his corporeal being has been very effective publicity for him.)

Then there was another thing which Mr. Chesterton thought might to a considerable degree account for his American celebrity. That was this "tag" of "paradox". People loved "easy handles" like that, and they went a long way. Somehow or other we let this point pass, or it got lost in the shuffle, and the discussion turned to the question of whether there was an American writer living whose arrival in England would command anything like the general attention occasioned by Mr. Chesterton's entrance into the United States. We could not think of anyone.

Mark Twain, of course; yes. O. Henry, doubtless, too. And, indeed, in the matter of years O. Henry might very well be living now. Mr. Chesterton quite agreed as to the English welcome of Mark Twain or of O. Henry. Tom Sawyer and Huck, he said, musingly, certainly were "universal". Then, ponderingly, he observed that English and American literature seemed to be getting further and further apart, or more and more distinct each from the other. He remembered that when he was a boy his father and his uncles simply spoke of

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a new book having come out whether it had been written in England or in the United States. As in the case of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table"; when it appeared it was enjoyed and talked about by everybody in England; but not spoken of there as a new American book: it was a new book, that's all. Now, however, with Englishmen impressed by the "Spoon River Anthology", "and rightly so", or by "Main Street", "it would not be that way".

He had much liking for O. Henry. But he had begun him by not liking him. He had been puzzled by the "queer commercial deals" on which so many of the stories turned—"buying towns, selling rivers". He had, even now, to reread much of the slang to get the meaning. And so we talked awhile of slang.

"You have an expression here," said Mr. Chesterton, shaking his head as though that were something very remarkable indeed, "'a bad actor'." Much mirth from Woollcott, Lee, and Hill. "Now in England," Mr. Chesterton continued, "we mean by that one who has mistaken his vocation as to the stage. But I discovered that here it has nothing to do with the theatrical profession." Then, it developed, some reporter in the west had referred to him as "a regular guy". At first Mr. Chesterton had been for going after the fellow with a stick.... Certainly a topsy-turvy land, the United States, where you can't tell opprobrium from flattering compliment.

Then one of us told Mr. Chesterton a story of a prize line of American slang. He (the teller of the story) had got a letter in which a friend of his had been spoken of in a highly eulogistic fashion. Thinking this opinion would please his friend, the man showed the letter to him. The gentleman so much praised in it read the letter and remarked: "Well, whenever I get the hand I always see the red light." Mr. Chesterton looked dazed. "You'll have to translate that to me," he said. We explained it as meaning that whenever this person heard applause of himself he scented danger. "Oh, oh! I see!" crowed Mr. Chesterton,—"the hand, the hand"; and he began clapping his hands with much glee in illustration of the figure.

"Glee", yes, And "crowed", also. They are the words, some of the words, to describe Mr. Chesterton's sounds. His utterance was rapid, melodious. The modulations of his softly flowing voice had curiously somewhat the effect of a very cheerful music box. His easy and very natural command of a great multitude of words was striking. And yet there was something decidedly boyish about the effect of his talk. I think the cause of this was, for one thing, the rather gurgling enjoyment with which he spoke. For another thing, in his impulsive concern for the point of his idea he frequently did not trouble to begin or end sentences. He just let 'er go. But the fundamental source of this boyishness of spirit I think is this: I do not believe I have ever seen a man who has borne the brunt of life for some forty-five years and still retains such complete, abounding, unaffected, and infectious good humor as Mr. Chesterton.

"As I believe I have said somewhere before," Mr. Chesterton was saying, "it seems to me that the best-known character in literature is Sherlock Holmes." Mr. Woollcott was inclined to consider Svengali. Dear me! Svengali may have been in the running at one time, but it strikes me that today he has pretty much gone by the board, to mix the figure somewhat.

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As to detective stories. "They are essentially domestic," declared Mr. Chesterton. "Intimate, all in the household, or ought to be. The children's nurse should murder the Bishop. These things where the Foreign Office becomes involved and" (chuckling) "Indian rajahs and military forces come in, are never right. They are too big. The detective story is a fireside story."

Had Mr. Chesterton been much to the theatre while here? No; the only thing he had seen was "The Bat". Something like anguish on the face of the dramatic critic of the New York "Times". Why, he, Mr. Chesterton, had liked "The Bat", a good deal. Speaking of plays, the American presentation of "Magic" came into the conversation. It was remarked that the extremely mystical character of the setting rather crushed the mysticism of the play itself. The idea was advanced that a very simple, matter of fact, even bleak setting, would have been the thing to act as an effective foil to this play. Mr. Chesterton seemed to be not the slightest interested in stage settings. And he knew next to nothing at all about the career of "Magic". He wasn't even sure whether or not he held any proprietary rights in the play. There was, he said as though fumbling around in his mind, something involved about the matter. Friend of his wanted a play. Necessary to finish it in a hurry. He didn't really know, answering a question to this purpose, whether or not he had received any royalties from it.

Mrs. Chesterton handed about some fudge. The collection of ashtrays and bowls surrounding Mr. Chesterton had become jovially freighted with tobacco ash and cigar ends. He smoked his cigars in an economical fashion, down as far as they could comfortably be held.

There was one thing (the talk had turned to his lecturing) Mr. Chesterton "wished you wouldn't do in this country, or that we didn't do in England, either". That was for the gentleman who "introduced" a lecturer to refer to his "message". In his own case, for instance, how ridiculously was this term misapplied. The word *message* conveyed something "quite the opposite of personality". Or, that is, before its popular corruption it had meant something very different. It meant that something was carried. One with a message was a messenger, a vessel, an envelope. It was hard to think of a figure who could rightly be said to have a message. The Old Testament prophets, Mohammed, perhaps. Whitman now, certainly you couldn't say that Whitman had a message.

A ring; and Mr. Cushman came in. Youthfully cropped grey hair. A gentleman who looked like an habitual first-nighter.

Yes, Mr. Chesterton was telling us, it was a curious thing. He had always heard that Americans worshiped machines. A machine everywhere here, and a machine brought to an amazing state of mechanical perfection, was the elevator, as we called it. When he had first got into an American elevator he had been arrested by the fact that the men entering it took off their hats and stood silently with bared heads as it ascended. It is so, he had said to himself; they are at worship, at prayer, this is some religious rite, mystic ceremony, the elevator is their temple.

Had he been in our subway? someone asked. No; he had been down in a station one time, but he had not ridden on one of the trains. I wish now that I had thought to cut into the

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rapid battledore and shuttlecock of the conversation to learn why he had not. Was he scared of 'em?

What were the things which Mr. Chesterton particularly liked in the United States? Well, for one thing, he very much liked the "elevated". He thought it was grand up in the air that way.

And what had he especially *disliked?* Mr. Lee apparently had knowledge of a memorandum book kept by Mrs. Chesterton, known to their intimate little circle as her "Book of Likes and Dislikes". She was, with some difficulty, prevailed upon to read from this—which she did very guardedly, clutching the book firmly before her. Among the things put down in it as not liked were ice cream, ice water, "American boots" (by which were meant women's high-heeled shoes), and interviewers, reporters, and camera men. Things especially liked included parlor car seats. Mr. Chesterton: "I don't dislike it, now. I've got the evil habit of ice water."

Lift, it was generally agreed, was a happier word than *elevator.* Mrs. Chesterton thought that the scientific, technical, correct, or whatever-you-call-them words for things always took all the feeling of life out of them. Aviator, for example, had no color at all. But how fine in the spirit of the things was the popular term *flying-man,* or *fly-man.*

The conversation had got momentarily divided into groups. Mr. Chesterton was heard saying to Mr. Woollcott, "The time I mean was when Yeats was young—when mysticism was jazz."

Just how he got started in on them I do not recall. He began with Belloc's most entertaining and highly vivacious ballade which has the refrain, "And Mrs. James will entertain the king"; a kind of piece among friends, which unfortunately is not in any book. He recited with a kind of joyous unction, nodding his head forward and back and from side to side, thus keeping time to the music of the verse, punctuating the close of each stanza with a bubble of chuckles. On and on and on and on he went through goodness knows how many bits of rollicking literary fooling.

It was half-past eleven. I saw Mr. Chesterton, when someone else was speaking, yawn slightly now and then. The four callers arose to go. Some one of us asked Mr. Chesterton if he expected to be back in America soon. Through a wreath of smiles he replied that he was not getting a return ticket on the boat.

The two of them were framed in their doorway as we got into the "foreigner's" car. Mrs. Chesterton called to us that she hoped to see us all in England, "singly or together". As the car dropped from their floor both were beaming a merry, friendly farewell.

Suddenly it struck me that they were very like a pair of children—they were so happy, so natural, so innocent of guile, and obviously so fond of one another.

MURRAY HILL

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THE DISAPPEARANCE OF DUNRAVEN BLEAK

(Another adventure of Dove Dulcet, the literary detective)

By Christopher Morley

The conscientious high standards that literary artists impose upon themselves are illustrated by an announcement from Decameron Jones and Company that Dunraven Bleak, the famous author of detective stories, has postponed to the autumn his new novel, "Silver Hair", originally scheduled for this spring. Mr. Bleak, after working hard on his manuscript all winter, has (as he expresses it) "struck a snag", and intends to rewrite the story. He has decided to take a vacation before resuming his task, and is now traveling for recuperation. Those who have seen the earlier chapters of the manuscript describe it as a delightful and whimsical mystery story, with a pleasing allegory of old age, which explains the fanciful title.

BUNK!" I said to myself as I read the typed paragraph in the publisher's batch of "publicity notes" sent to me in my capacity as literary editor of the "Planet". A few strokes of my Raisewell 334—the softest and blackest pencil I know; very useful in dealing with publishers' press notes—reduced the paragraph to the following:

Dunraven Bleak has postponed to the autumn his new novel, "Silver Hair".

I pasted this on a sheet of copy paper, added it to the other paragraphs for the weekly column of confidential book chat called "Behind the Arras", and called a boy to take the lot to the composing room. Then I went out for lunch.

At The Snails (which is my club) I saw Dove Dulcet, the literary agent, sitting alone at one of the little tables on the back porch. The first warm sunshine of spring filled the small courtyard with a gentle toasting glow. Lost in meditation, Mr. Dulcet seemed to have fallen into reverie. He was gazing absently at the shallow pool of goldfish in the graveled yard.

I know Dove well enough to take liberties, so I sat down at his table. "Sorry to disturb your eupepsia," I said, "but I haven't seen you for weeks. What's going on?"

He murmured some greeting, but did not rouse himself from his dreamy fit. I ordered my lunch, and did not further interrupt his privacy.

It was a curious irony (I was thinking) that Dulcet, who carried in his lively mind the material of fine literary achievement, should spend his life reading and marketing the writings of others. He was an "authors' representative" and transacted a profitable brokerage in literary wares. It was his business (he was a man of discreet taste) to read the scripts of many well-known authors, to sell them to editors and publishers and producers for handsome sums. Surely he himself, with more energy, might have created fiction equally viable and vendible. But in Dulcet's case, the gap that lies between conception and execution was even larger than usual. His mind was generally busy with florid schemes of empire; the thought of fame haunted him like hunger; but the sorrowful discipline of the literary art was but little practised. He was, to be sure, a poet. Though his published verses were few and somewhat scrannel, they did no violence to the laws of prosody. But if there was little poetry in his verses, there was a wild and

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vigorous poetry in his behavior. His talents rhymed together in a queer but consistent scheme, and his amiable enthusiasm played the part of a refrain. He was at his best in some of those odd episodes in the debatable land between literature and crime which I have been urged to narrate.

I had nearly finished my meal when his eyes brightened, and he turned to me briskly.

"Pardon me, Ben," he said; "I've got it now."

"Got what?" I asked.

"'Spring Song.' I was just working it out. Coming down Riverside on a 'bus this morning I was admiring the delicate green of the new foliage. This is how it goes:

And now 'tis spring, a lovely scene—
O poplar trees, long, green and slender:
Alas that all this tender green
Is not a legal tender.

It wasn't easy to work in that pun about the *long green*. Do you think it gets over?"

"What were you doing on Riverside?" I said. "That's a long way from your office."

"Just taking a ride. Do you think putting a comma between *long* and *green*—"

"You men of letters certainly have an easy time," I said. "Never tied down to your job. Only this morning I was reading a publisher's blurb about Dunraven Bleak. By the way, he's a client of yours, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Dulcet, lighting his pipe. "What about him?"

"Why, he's quit work in the middle of his new book, and gone traveling for recreation. Pretty soft, eh?"

"I hope it's true."

There were various ways of interpreting this remark, but Dulcet's was a poker face.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I mean, I hope it's no worse."

He leaned forward with his elbows on the table.

"Well, Ben," he said, "I suppose I'd better let you inside. For heaven's sake keep it dark. The publishers sent out that press note at my suggestion. The truth of the matter is, Bleak has disappeared. The thing I've been most afraid of is that the papers would get hold of it."

"Disappeared?" I asked, visualizing (as newspaper men will) how the story would look on the "Planet's" front page:

WRITER OF MYSTERIES
CRUX OF REAL RIDDLE

Dunraven Bleak, Author of
Sleuth Fiction, Disappears
Without Trace

"Absolutely. Two weeks ago. No sign of him anywhere. Mrs. Bleak is prostrated."

"The police—?"

"Mrs. Bleak didn't want to put it in their hands. If she did, the newspapers would be sure to learn of it. She's had a 'private investigating agency' on the job, but they haven't discovered anything. I only happened to hear of it when I went up to his apartment two days ago, to find out how the new book was getting on. I've promised to do what I can. I wish I had known sooner."

"It sounds like Strickland, in 'The Moon and Sixpence'."

Dulcet did not reply to this. He smoked in silence for several minutes.

"That's what I was doing on Riverside Drive this morning," he said. "I went up to examine his study. There's very little to go on in the way of clues. Unfortunately Mrs. Bleak, who has a mania for tidiness, had his room all cleaned up and set to rights the

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afternoon he went out, before she suspected anything wrong. Then, that night, he never came back."

"The solution is obvious," I said.

"Look here," Dulcet went on. "Perhaps you can help me. I'm going back to see Bleak's secretary this afternoon. I haven't been able to see her yet, and Mrs. Bleak is too ill for me to question her much. Come with me and see if you can make anything out of it."

The Bleaks lived in one of those big Riverside Drive apartment houses near One Hundred and Sixteenth Street. When I saw the marbled entrance lobby and the uniformed hall boys, I realized that Bleak's books must have sold even better than I had suspected. We were admitted to the apartment by an alert-looking young woman.

"Mr. Dulcet?" she said. "I am Miss Valerian, Mr. Bleak's secretary. Mrs. Bleak asked me to see you."

"This is Mr. Trovato," Dulcet said, introducing me. "You may count on his discretion."

We entered a large sunny room overlooking the river. Three walls were shelved with books; by one window was a large table with a typewriter and a great pile of papers.

"I am taking care of the correspondence," said Miss Valerian. "Nothing was answered until today, because Mrs. Bleak had not made up her mind what ought to be done."

"What are you telling them?" said Dulcet.

"His usual form letters. This is one of them."

DEAR MADAM:

Mr. Bleak asks me to thank you for your generous sentiments, so graciously expressed. You will forgive him, he hopes, for not acceding to your request for a synopsis of his career, personal habits, and views on current literature. The MS. you sent him for his criticism has been returned under separate cover. If, as you say, you "hope he will live to write a hundred more of his enchanting books", he must be pardoned for devoting himself exclusively to that task. The material you ask Mr. Bleak to send to help you write your literary club essay may be found by reading Mr. Bleak's books themselves, the titles of which are, etc., etc., at all bookshops.

H. VALERIAN, Secretary.

"That seems very sound," said Dulcet. "Now, Miss Valerian, for the benefit of Mr. Trovato and myself, please recapitulate the facts as far as you know them."

"Two weeks ago today," she said, "Mr. Bleak went out after lunch, and has not returned. Mrs. Bleak has had discreet inquiries made in all his usual haunts, and no one has seen him. There was no communication from him, or message of any sort, until this morning, when this arrived."

From a drawer in the table she took an envelope, and passed it to Dulcet. He examined it carefully, and then drew out the enclosure, a single sheet of paper. After a keen glance he handed both to me.

It was a plain white envelope, correctly addressed in typewriter to Mrs. Dunraven Bleak. The postmark was dated the day before, Jamaica, New York. The message, on a large sheet of coarse yellowish paper, was also typed, and read:

Don't worry. Everything O. K. Will communicate again later.

(30)

"It looks like blackmail," said Miss Valerian briskly. "Kidnapers, going to hold him for ransom. The *thirty*, I suppose, is the trademark of the gang."

"Perhaps it means the amount of the ransom they want," said Dulcet. "Thirty pieces of silver. It doesn't seem very much for a man of Bleak's eminence."

Miss Valerian evidently thought the agent very obtuse.

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"Thirty thousand, surely," she said. "Poor Mrs. Bleak: that will be a whole year's royalties."

"Do you mind if I smoke?" said Dulcet. He got out his pipe, tapped it into the fireplace, filled it, and blew a placid cloud. On the mantelpiece stood a long row of Bleak's pipes of all sorts—briar, calabash, meerschaum, and corncob. I noticed that Dulcet lingered a moment looking at them. Then he sat down again. He seemed so cheerful and undisturbed that I was a little annoyed. It struck me that he was posing for my benefit, and imitating the traditional detectives of fiction —of Bleak's own novels, in fact.

"Please continue, Miss Valerian," he said.

"The last morning he was here, everything was as usual. I came in at nine o'clock; we went through the mail, and he dictated for about an hour. He had been worrying a good deal about the new novel, and was revising the earlier chapters."

"In good spirits, otherwise?"

"Apparently. That very morning, while he was dictating, he received the semi-annual royalty check you sent him."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Gosh, it makes me feel old to get a check like that.' He endorsed it, and asked me to give it to Mrs. Bleak for her to deposit. He always turned over the bulk of his funds to her."

"Do you remember the amount of the check?"

"Fifteen thousand five hundred and sixty dollars."

"What happened then?"

"He walked to the window and looked out for several minutes. Then he said, 'I don't think we'll do any more work this morning. I feel like reading.' I took the papers into the little room, at the other end of the hall, where I do my typing. I came back at twelve thirty to ask if I could do anything else for him. He said No, and I left."

"What was he doing then?"

"Sitting in that chair, by the window, reading. He had a pile of books on the floor beside him."

"Could you see what they were?"

"No. I only looked in at the door."

"The book that he was reading, would you recognize it if you saw it? What color was it?"

"It was in a red binding. That's all I noticed."

"Thin or thick?"

"I didn't notice."

Dulcet got up and walked over to the shelves. They extended from the floor up to the height of his head—about six feet.

"Like this?" he said, pulling out a volume of "The Eighteen-Nineties" by Holbrook Jackson.

"No, smaller. More brownish."

He roamed along the shelves.

"Like this?" showing a copy of "This Giddy Globe" by Oliver Herford.

She hesitated.

"About that size, but I don't think the title was so large. I could have read the title if it had been that size. You see, I've always made rather a habit of noticing what books people are reading, in the subway and so on."

"Excellent habit," said Dulcet. "You never know when it will come in handy. Hum. A brownish red book, 12mo or small octavo, title not easy to read in a bright light. I'm afraid there are quite a lot here that would meet those specifications."

"Perhaps it was his bank book," I said.

"He left after lunch?" Dulcet asked.

"Yes. Mrs. Bleak tells me he put on an old suit and said he was going

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for a walk. After he had gone, it struck her that this was a good opportunity to spring-clean his study. She had the housemaid air and clean the room thoroughly, and put back on the shelves all the books that were lying around the floor."

"Yes, I know," said Dulcet. "I've talked to the housemaid. Well, thank you very much, Miss Valerian. Mr. Trovato and I will just look round the shelves here for a while. I'll keep this note for the present."

Miss Valerian took up her pile of correspondence and departed. Dove, humming gently to himself, began marking all the red books on the shelves by pulling them a few inches out beyond the others.

"It looks very bad," he said.

"It does indeed," I ventured. "If we have to read all those for a clue, poor old Bleak will be beyond help. Very unfortunate that he has all Kipling in that Review of Reviews edition, bound in red. And those leather George Merediths. And those books by Gerald Stanley Lee. And the Letters of Queen Victoria, three volumes. Heaven help us."

"Look for the rhyme," he said, "look for the rhyme! As I've told you before, Ben, the secret of these affairs is to find the events that rhyme together. Now we've got to find a rhyme between a book bound in red and that typewritten message from Jamaica. See here, you know all about books. Have any of Conrad's tales ever been issued in a red binding?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

He sighed, and looked at all the red bindings that projected from the others.

"Well," he said, "you'll have to help me. You're a reviewer, accustomed to getting through books with a lightning glance. I'll call a taxi, load all these books in, and you take them down to your office. Get through them as fast as you can, and see if you can find any suggestions in them that would account for the sudden disappearance of an author who had just received a large check. Find the right book, and we're started."

"Nothing doing," I said. "I have my own work on hand. Besides, the situation is quite plain. Bleak has disappeared. Either he disappeared against his will, or on purpose. If the former, he's been kidnaped, as Miss Valerian suggested, by this *thirty* gang, who will come across with some demand for a ransom. If the latter, how can we ever find him? He's a writer of detective stories, and up to all the tricks. Why, for years the papers have been commenting on the extraordinary keenness of his inductions. If he wants to keep hidden, two amateurs like ourselves could hardly run him down. Better call in the police. And give the 'Planet' first crack at the story."

Dulcet reddened angrily.

"I'm going to keep this quiet," he said. "A scandal would ruin Bleak, kill Mrs. Bleak. Besides, that's all rot about the keenness of his inductions. He is a man of charming simplicity. You, as a newspaper man, ought to know how rarely the truth is told, especially about an author. Once start a legend about an author, he can never down it. Truth, crushed to earth, burrows out of sight."

He relit his pipe and puffed vigorously. Suddenly he cried out, and flew back to the bookshelves.

"Ass, fool, idiot!" he exclaimed. "I knew there was something in the back of my mind—"

He ran hastily along the rows of books, with eager face. Suddenly he plucked out a thin reddish volume, and

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rapidly flicked through it. I peered at the cover: it was "Poems" by G. K. Chesterton, John Lane Company.

"The rhyme!" he cried, and shoved the book in his pocket.

"Well," I said, "it's a long John Lane that has no turning. What's the secret?"

Dove can be very annoying at times.

"Can't stop now," he said. "I'm going to catch the next train to Jamaica. I'll ring you up when I've found him. Just straighten up those other books, like a good fellow." He seized his hat and ran from the room. I heard the door of the apartment slam, and then the clang of the elevator gate.

I pushed back the red books in line with their fellows, feeling rather uneasy. I half feared that the police would come in at any minute and arrest me as implicated in the affair. I sneaked out of the apartment and did not breathe freely until I was on Riverside Drive in the bright April air.

I didn't see Dove for several days, and as I was busy making up the Spring Book Number of the "Planet's" literary supplement, I had plenty on my mind without worrying about Bleak's disappearance. After all, to a reviewer, what is one author more or less? And Dulcet's silence (he had not even telephoned) satisfied me that his pretense of having solved the riddle by means of Mr. Chesterton's poems was mere swank.

I remember the concluding incidents of this odd affair with particular clearness, because they are associated with one of those periodical streaks of general poverty that strike Park Row every now and then. Of course, journalists are always borrowing money from one another; but about twice a year, quite regularly, there seems to come a sudden spell when everybody is broke at once. In the "Planet" office the stringency was specially severe. There had been a general shakeup in the staff about a year before: a lot of men had been taken on from other papers at a higher salary than they had ever expected to get: consequently these men were, by that time, completely penniless, because they were all buying cottages in the suburbs. It was then that Pete Sansculott, the "Planet's" colyumist, invented his famous Rotating Check stunt which has proved a lifesaver in times of financial grievance. But I suppose I had better not go into that, because it opens up a number of irrelevant anecdotes. Some other time, perhaps.

My own office, I ought to explain, was the central vacuum of this deflating cyclone. Almost all the men in the office were running in and out asking for books to review, so that, after hastily dashing off a notice, they could sell the volume for the price of a lunch. A good many minor poets and punk novelists were startled, about that time, by the warmth and tenderness of the "Planet's" reviews of their twaddle. A worried reporter, pattering out a swift paragraph about So and So's book with his mind chiefly alert as to his own distressing condition, is not going to be too critical of the author, who may also be hard up. Every day, about noon, the bread line would be seen forming at Silverado's second hand shop on Ann Street: men from the various papers carrying in books to sell, always explaining to old Silverado that these were just a few things they really hadn't room for on their shelves. Most of them used to lunch at The Gondola afterward, and as they sat at their spaghetti and coffee would cry out to the latest arrival, "How much did *you* get?" The

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classic pronouncement in this theme is Richard Le Gallienne's, in his "English Poems":

Ah what a world we are in! we sigh,
Where a lunch costs more than a Keats can buy,
And even Shakespeare's hallowed line
Falls short of the requisite sum to dine.

Ended his sigh, the poet searched his shelf—
Seeking another poet to feed himself;
Then sadly went, and full of shame and grief,
Sold his last Swinburne for a plate of beef.

In this general period of financial depression—which had hit me as hard as anyone, but of course I had more books to dispose of, being the literary editor—I could not help meditating on the excellent irony of Bleak having disappeared, leaving behind him an uncashed check which would have supported eight or ten newspaper men for half a year.

It was three or four days after my visit to Bleak's apartment; Pete Sansculott and Jim Doyle (the city editor) and I were just going out to lunch when we met Dulcet at the front door of the "Planet" building. Of course I invited him to join us. He seemed morose and depressed.

"Well, Dove," I said, "you look like a man whose wife's mother is devoted to her. Any news from Jamaica?"

"False alarm," he replied sadly.

"A false rhyme, you mean," I said. "Well, I think lunch is on you."

He agreed, and we took our usual corner table at The Gondola. Pete and Jim, exhilarated by the news that Dulcet was to buy, were very merry, and began talking about the money shortage in the staff.

"Queer thing how busted everybody is just now," said Pete. "Why even old Jack Dobson was hunting a loan this morning. He said that Severn, that new man in the city room, had promised to pay him some money today, and hadn't been able to do it."

"Say," cried Jim, "that fellow Severn has got 'em all beat. In thirty years I've never seen a man who could borrow the way he does. What do you think of a reporter who gets the price of a lunch from the city editor, the first day he goes to work?"

"From *you*, Jim?" said Pete, amazed at this subversion of newspaper ethics.

"Yes. I was so taken aback I just handed over the money. Well, most of us have to borrow once in a while, but that guy does it every day. He seems to enjoy it. I see him cruise round the city room, as soon as he's finished his morning assignment, making up his mind who he'll brace.

"*Whom* he'll brace," said Pete. "The objective."

"Well, his objective is the right hand trouser, all right," said Jim. "And he has a way with him, too. He springs such an infectious grin when he asks you, you can't resist him."

"Severn," I said—"is that the tall pale cleanshaven chap with a thatch of yellow hair?"

"Yes."

"I wondered who he was. He came into my room the other day—I'd never seen him before—and asked for a meal's worth of books. I couldn't help laughing, he was so comical about it. I gave him that new edition of 'The Art of Dining'."

"Oh, well," said Dove, "we all get strapped now and then. As the poet put it, 'Alas that all this tender green is not a legal tender.' I guess he's new to the game and doesn't understand that reporters don't usually hold up the city ed."

"No, he's an old newspaper man, that's the queer part of it. He's turning out the best copy in the place, otherwise I'd fire him. The story he wrote about the Englewood murder

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the other day was a pippin. He writes like an old 'Moon' man."

We finished our *spumone* ice cream, and Dove, quite cheerfully, bought the cigars and paid the check. Pete and Jim went back to the office, but Dove asked me to walk across the park with him.

"Well," I said, "you take your defeats in good spirit. It was sporting of you to buy lunch for those two as well as me."

"I owed it to them," he said, as we passed through the wide sunny spaces in front of the City Hall. "They were as good as a rhyming dictionary."

"Any news of Bleak?"

He did not answer, but gazed cheerfully at the gilded dome of the "World" building.

"It makes me homesick to get back to Park Row," he remarked presently. "Did you ever read Chesterton's poem, 'When I Came Back to Fleet Street'? And I hope you know Charles Lamb's essay on his adventures as a newspaper paragrapher—'Newspapers Thirty-Five Years Ago', it's called. But then Lamb isn't generally bound in red."

"I must be getting back to the office," I said, a little peevishly. "I'll leave you here to soliloquize."

"I'm coming with you." And he accompanied me, past the statue of Ben Franklin and up to my room. There he took a chair and while I resumed my work he sat humming to himself and puffing his cigar.

"I say, old man," I exclaimed after a while, "you're an infernal nuisance here. This is my makeup day, and you're getting on my nerves."

"I'm sorry, Ben, but these affairs require a little tact. I had to dope things out. I've got an idea. Your city editor spoke of that man Severn as being hard up. Now I need some help in this Bleak business, and a clever reporter would be just the chap I want. I expect he'd be willing to give me his spare time, for a consideration."

"I don't doubt it," I said shortly. I was nettled, for I had thought that *I* was the one who was going to help.

"Very good. Won't you ask him to step in to your office a minute so I can speak to him?"

I went into the city room and found Severn hard at work at his machine. A blackened corncob pipe hung at one corner of his mouth, his shirtsleeves were rolled up, his yellow hair was tangled. I couldn't help admiring the way the keys clattered under his dancing fingers. You can tell an oldtimer at a glance.

"There's a fellow in my room to see you," I said.

"Right. Just wait until I get this off for the 'Sports'."

Five minutes later he appeared on the sill. He hesitated, and then entered. Dulcet got up and closed the door.

"Mr. Severn, Mr. Dulcet," I said.

"How do you do, Mr. Severn," said Dove. "Why the yellow hair? I thought it was to be Silver?"

Severn sat down quite calmly and said, "Damn you, how did you know?"

Dulcet pulled a red book from his pocket—the Chesterton "Poems". "Was it this?" he asked.

The reporter nodded. Dove turned to me. "Ben," he said, "let me introduce you to my old friend Dun Bleak. He's shaved off his moss, and he's wearing a wig, but he can't fool me."

I gazed in amazement. I could hardly believe it until I turned to my file of authors' photos, and looked up an old picture of Bleak, taken twenty years ago, before he had grown a beard.

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"Dun," said Dulcet, "why the devil didn't you let Mrs. Bleak know? She's been ill with worry."

Bleak's face fell. "I did," he said. "I wrote her a note, two weeks ago, here in the office. I was working on my first assignment, and couldn't leave the machine, so I gave it to one of the boys in the city room to mail for me."

"Hurrah!" cried Dulcet. "That explains Jamaica. He's a Long Island commuter, I bet: he stuck the letter in his pocket, forgot to mail it, and found it a fortnight later. He mailed it at his home, in Jamaica. Well, I'll phone Mrs. Bleak right away."

I have never seen a man look so hangdog and miserable as poor Bleak, sitting there under his gamboge toupee. With a pathetic air of bravado he filled and lit his corncob. Then Dulcet returned from the telephone booth.

"Well, Dun," he said, "if this ever gets out, your reputation as a writer of mystery stories is ruined. My dear boy, you left a trail behind you as legible as a carbon copy. We'll have to depend on the discretion of our friend Mr. Trovato."

Bleak's eyes brightened with the zest of professional argument.

"How do you make it out?" he said.

"First, the note you sent Mrs. Bleak. It was written on copy paper, the kind always used in newspaper offices. And you closed by writing 30 with a circle round it, which—as Ben would have spotted if he had been an oldtimer—is the mark every oldfashioned newspaper man puts at the end of a story. You did that automatically, of course. When you got back into the newspaper atmosphere you unconsciously took up the old habit. That alone made me suspect you were in a newspaper office somewhere. It was the Jamaica postmark that bothered me. I spent three days looking for you in suburban newspaper offices out on Long Island.

"Second, you left out the books you had been reading. Those books were put back on the shelves by the housemaid. Did you ever hear of a servant putting books on a shelf right side up? I knew it was a reddish book; and it didn't take long to find Chesterton's 'Poems' upside down on the shelf. And running through the book (I'm grateful to you, I hadn't read it before) I see this:

> And I dream of the days when work was scrappy,
> And rare in our pockets the mark of the mint,
> When we were angry and poor and happy,
> And proud of seeing our names in print."

"You rascal!" cried Bleak. "You cunning rascal!"

"Oh yes," said Dulcet—"one other thing. I know your study pretty well, and I know that there are usually three corncob pipes on the mantel. One was missing. Now where is a corncob the regular and constant smoke? In a newspaper office. I must admit that finding you in this particular office was mostly luck, due to Ben taking me to lunch with your colyumist and city editor. You shouldn't have borrowed from the city editor, you know! That was sure to arouse comment."

"But the motive?" I cried. "Why? What's the reason for all this absurdity?"

"Ah," said Dove. "That is more tragic. You should have guessed it when I asked you whether Conrad had even been bound in red. Of course I was thinking of—"

"'Youth'!" cried Bleak furiously. "Yes, damn it, you've got it. Dove, it was that cursèd royalty check that did it. I'm fifty years old, Mr. Tro-

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vato. Wait till you get there: you'll understand better. That is the true dangerous age. I'm fifty years old, and I live in a damned marble-slabbed apartment house and write two rotten books a year and the movies buy them and I make ten times too much money. And when those beastly checks come in I think of the days when Mrs. Bleak and I were first married and I was earning twenty-five a week on the old 'Moon', and we were all borrowing from each other for lunch. Borrowing money for lunch,—I tell you that's what keeps a man young! And then I picked up my Chesterton and read that stanza of his, and the other poem 'When I Came Back to Fleet Street' (gosh, read it if you don't know it), and Kipling's poem 'The Press' in 'A Diversity of Creatures'; and, oh hell, I just had to come back and smell it all again, and feel the building shake when the edition goes to press. Make a good story, wouldn't it? Yes, but you don't put real life into stories, not when you're a popular author."

There was a brief silence, during which I wondered how much longer they would stay. For neither heaven nor hell nor the crackling of broken hearts weighs much in the mind of the newspaper man when the deadline time approaches; and I knew that the composing room would shortly be asking why my copy wasn't upstairs.

"All very sound, all perfectly sound," said Dove cheerfully. "And I don't doubt you'd have gotten away with it, old man, if you hadn't borrowed from the city editor. That was a *lapsus rationis*. But now we must explain to Mrs. Bleak and resume the miserable life of fifteen per cent royalties."

Bleak showed his first sign of returning good spirits. "My dear boy," he said, "I touched the city editor on purpose. In the old 'Moon' days there was a legend that it couldn't be done. And do you know, I got into him twice."

He smiled proudly, and got up.

"The joke of it is," he said, "that Jim Doyle was a cub on the 'Moon' when I was there twenty-five years ago. And he was the one who used to assert so loudly that it couldn't be done."

I resumed my work, thinking to myself that when "Silver Hair" was published I would give it a devil of a good notice, on the front page of the Book Section.

DREAMS

By Charles McMorris Purdy

DREAMS are phosporescents,
Flicking the water's foam
Like fireflies on an April night....

I wade into the surf
And try to catch them,
But they slip through my fingers,
Only to sparkle the more....

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BOOK SERVICE FROM THE PULPIT

By William L. Stidger

THE preacher who knows and lives in books is capable of a service to his people that will pay a hundredfold," said a preacher-pastor one day in my presence. He said it with a good deal of emphasis and feeling.

"Books? So you are a book-preacher?" said another preacher in a slightly critical tone.

"Yes," said my friend: "a preacher of books and *the* Book."

A week before this conversation I had heard Helen Keller speak at a meeting of the Advertising Clubs in Cleveland, Ohio. I was scheduled to speak immediately following her appearance. It was the most difficult speaking task I ever attempted. The wonder of what Miss Sullivan had done for that blind, deaf and dumb girl swept me off my feet. I could not refrain from calling the attention of that great crowd of business men to Lincoln's words at Gettysburg as he stood looking down upon the graves of thousands of American soldiers.

I said, "As I stand up to speak to you, following as I do the miracle of Helen Keller, I am aware of the fact that what I say cannot speak as loudly as what Miss Sullivan has done."

It was a tense meeting because of that wonderful girl's presence. But perhaps the most beautiful moment of all was when Miss Sullivan permitted that crowd of business men to ask questions of Miss Keller.

One man said, "Tell Miss Keller that I know her brother in the south." Miss Sullivan put Helen's two fingers to her own lips and Helen's thumb to her vibrant throat and conveyed the message.

Even before those words were spoken Helen's feet began to dance and her body to vibrate with ecstasy as she said, "And are you an engineer also?"

Then somebody asked Helen what her favorite sport was.

She said with that peculiar and careful pronunciation, "Horseback ri—ding!"

Then Miss Sullivan asked Helen if she knew that the room was full of men.

She danced with excitement and said, "Yes I know."

"How do you know Helen?"

"I can smell zem."

"How do you tell your men friends apart, Helen?"

"I smell zem."

The crowd roared with laughter and excitement. Tears were in every eye. It was a tense ten minutes for every man. Even the laughter was to hide the tears.

"What do you mean when you say you smell them?"

"I smell zeir different tobaccos," said Helen clapping her hands.

Then the crowd applauded. Helen seemed overjoyed at the applause.

Somebody asked her how she could tell that they were applauding, since she could not hear.

She said, "I feel zem."

"How do you feel the applause?"

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"Wiz my feet!" Then she danced with delight.

"Do you like golf?" a man asked.

"No!" said Helen.

"Why?" again questioned the man, a golf enthusiast of Cleveland.

"Eet-iz-a-lazy-man's-game!" replied Helen, to the crowd's huge delight.

"Do you read?" asked one of the business men.

"All-ze-time."

"What is your favorite book?"

"Zee Bi—bule!" she said, and in the spelling I have tried to reproduce her pronunciation of that word. It was as tenderly spoken as the words of a mother in speaking of her baby. "Zee Bi—bule" as that girl spoke the word rings like sweet music in my ears. And so, at the beginning of this article about the preacher as a man of books serving his community, I make haste to say that he must be a man of "books and *the* Book".

Books are sacred to most people whether they know it or not.

No Chinese boy or girl or man or woman ever notices a bit of torn paper lying on the street without picking it up and stuffing it away somewhere. This is why travelers in China see little batches of torn newspapers in every corner and hole, as if birds were gathering up debris with which to build nests.

"Why do they do that?" I asked an editor friend in Shanghai.

"The printed word is sacred to them."

"Even torn newspapers?" I said smiling.

"Yes; even old torn paper sacks if they have any printing on them."

And a little later he actually showed me a Chinese boy in the act of picking up an old torn paper bag which had printing on it. This boy carefully smoothed that sack out and found a hole in a brick wall wherein to place it.

Not to that same degree, perhaps, but to a great degree, we in America unconsciously revere the printed page. It is for this reason that preachers can contribute a tremendous service to a community by bringing to it a ministry of books.

Books! Books! Books!
And we thank Thee, God
  For the gift of them
For the glorious reach
  And the lift of them;
  For the gleam in them
  And the dream in them;
For the things they teach
And the souls they reach!
  For the maze of them
  And the blaze of them;
For the ways they open to us
And the rays that they shoot through us!

Books! Books! Books!
And we thank Thee, God
For the light in them
For the might in them;
  For the urge in them
  And the surge in them;
For the souls they wake
And the paths they break;
  For the gong in them
  And the song in them;
For the throngs of folks they bring to us
And the songs of hope they sing to us!

Books! Books! Books!
And we thank Thee, God
  For the deep in them
  For the rhythmic swing
  And sweep of them;
For the croon in them
And the boon in them;
  For the prayers they pray
  And the doubt they slay;
For the DO in them
And the true in them;
  For the blue skies they bring to us
  And the new stars that they strew us.

Such is the glory and the glow of books on human lives. They sweep back the horizons for folks. They add new friendships, new faces, new races, new lands, new worlds to our rich experiences.

More and more are people becoming interested in books. This interest is

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due to the number of good books being written; to the influence of the preachers who talk on books; and also to the fact that newspapers are paying more attention to book reviews. There are few American city papers these days that do not have real Book Pages in the Saturday or Sunday issue. Some of these pages are read all over the country.

The preacher who is constantly introducing to his audience great and good books, is contributing something to human lives that is of vital importance. In turn, he will win several things from his hearers for this service. He will win their respect. Perhaps it is a survival of that ancient respect for the printed page. But unconsciously people find themselves respecting the man of books. The man who shows that he is an alert and a reading preacher will have also the constant and the fascinated interest of his listeners. Men and women want to know about books; they want to live with and within books. He will win their trust; for they know that the man who is reading books that are worthwhile is a safe man to follow. "He knows what is going on in the world," they say.

The "dramatic book sermon" is a new form of homiletics. It gives a preacher an opportunity to introduce something "new under the sun" in his sermons. Personally I have never been able to make so telling the story of sin, conviction of sin, repentance, and forgiveness, as I have through Tolstoy's "The Resurrection". I have never been able to picture the beastliness of sin, and the regeneration of a human being as I have through Masefield's "The Everlasting Mercy" or George Eliot's "Romola". I have never been able to present the ramifications of sin as I have through Bojer's recent book "The Power of a Lie". I have never been able to make so clear the marvelous possibilities of the growth of a human soul as I have through Hugo's "Les Miserables". I have never been able to render sin so burningly vivid as I have through Masefield's "Hell Hounds". I have never been able to make a great congregation see the real Judas so clearly as I have through Dr. Barton's "Four Hitherto Unpublished Gospels". Nor have I ever been able to make the scenes in Christ's life so human as I have through "By An Unknown Disciple". William Allen White's "In the Heart of a Fool" has given me a great, dramatic sermon on the text "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God". The Moffatt translation of the New Testament has become a real feature of my big, popular evening service. "I like to hear you read the Bible now as much as I like to hear you preach," says many a man. There is not a single great spiritual truth in the Bible that cannot be preached through the dialogue, through the characters, the scenes, and teachings of some great novel.

After trying out the "dramatic book sermon" for five years and in one church for four months straight every Sunday night, I have come to the conclusion that the announcement of a "dramatic book sermon" is the surest way to bring people to hear me. It crowds my church; and it also gives me the best medium of getting the truth over to my crowds. People will crowd a church to hear a real book sermon for several reasons: first because every human being has in his soul something that leaps to meet the dramatic in any form. Folks like to hear dialogue and action in a sermon; they like to see real characters walk up and down the pulpit. The second

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reason is, that they desire to appear intelligent about books. They are too busy to read books, so they go to hear a preacher who *has* read in an effort to become acquainted with the particular books about which he talks. Third, people like something new in homiletics. They have heard the old "firstly, secondly, thirdly", etc. so long, that when a man brings to them a new type of preaching the news soon spreads through a city.

At first I used the "dramatic book sermon" now and then. It was so successful, however, that after a while I began to use it twice a month. Now for four months in my evening sermon I have used this type of preaching exclusively.

"Do you not run out of books?" I am asked.

"Never! Too many good books are being published," I reply.

"Does it not get monotonous?"

"No! There is infinite variety in books, scenes, and characters."

"Is it not harder to write and preach a dramatic book sermon than an ordinary sermon?"

"Much harder; but worth it!" I answer.

"Do you use anything besides fiction for your dramatic book sermons?"

"I use poems, such as Edwin Markham's 'How The Great Guest Came', 'The Juggler of Touraine', and 'The Shoes of Happiness'; I use such great poems as Masefield's 'The Everlasting Mercy' and 'Hell Hounds'; such dramatic poems as Thompson's 'The Hound of Heaven', and John Oxenham's 'The Gate'. I have used also such books as 'The Americanization of Edward Bok', the 'Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie', 'The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot', 'By An Unknown Disciple', and 'Four Hitherto Unpublished Gospels'."

We have a book table at St. Mark's. Every book on that table is worthwhile. One of our circles of women has charge of these book tables. There is a table in each lobby. The idea is not to make money but to see that good books are available for all. The women sell the books in exactly that spirit; they feel that they are helping in a real ministry of books when they sell a book to a member of the church. They feel that their work is an extension of the preaching ministry of the church. We do not allow this sacred idea of the ministry of books to degenerate into a money making scheme, even though it is that to a certain extent.

One of the saddest indictments of the sluggishness of the average mind is that it does not read and does not think. A casual glance through the library of an average parishioner will convince any minister of this sad truth. The second thing that a minister soon learns about the lack of books in the average home, is the fact that the average person actually does not know *how* to get a book when he feels the impulse to possess it. He must either write to a publishing house or he must go downtown to a book store. And many of the book stores know little about books. The book table in a church makes it easy for folks to buy books, and the alert minister will be willing to take time out of his busy life to see that books are made easy of access to his people.

People really want books. They are proud of having a well-chosen library, although few of them know how to select books for such a library. It is not an uncommon thing for the women who run the book table in my church

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to have a young man or an older man come to them and say, "I want every one of the books that Mr. Stidger has preached about. Get me one copy of each." The last request of this kind meant an order of twenty-five books. I see to it that several copies of the book on which I am going to preach are on our tables. They are invariably sold following the sermon.

Dr. Gunsaulus of Chicago, Dr. Shannon his eloquent successor, Dr. Lynn Harold Hough of Detroit, and Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones, are all exponents of the book table for churches. They believe that one of the real ministries that a preacher may give unto his people is that of teaching them to buy good books every week of their lives.

"You got me to buy 'The Scarlet Letter' several years ago. That was the turning point in my life," said a boy to me recently.

"The night you preached about 'Les Miserables' sent me to college!" said another lad.

"A chapter in a book in a mission study class sent me to China for my life work," said a young college graduate to a preacher friend of mine.

I remember attending a presentation of John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" in New York last summer. After the play the author's books were on sale in the lobby of the theatre. Evidently thousands were being sold in that way.

"That's something new," said a friend.

"I've been doing it for five years in my church," I told him to his astonishment.

I have found that one way to contribute to a ministry of books is to run a book column in a city paper. In San José, California, I ran what was called a "Tuesday Evening Book-Service" column. Each Tuesday evening in that column I recommended to parents books for children of all ages. I also reviewed a worthwhile book and answered general book questions. I contributed to the town the service of suggesting books for business men, for housewives, and for commencement and other gifts. After this column had been running for a few months the book stores of the city requested that I let them know in advance the books that I was going to review on Tuesday evening. They said that there was always a demand for these books.

In country towns where there is a small daily or weekly paper this service would always be welcome both to the editor of the paper and to the readers of that paper. The publishers are generally willing to cooperate with a minister who is running such a column of book service to his community. It is one of the real ministries of books that a preacher can offer.

I never conduct a prayer meeting without several books on my desk to add variety to the service and to add spiritual strength to whatever else I may have to say to my people. I take Joyce Kilmer with me; Edwin Markham; John Oxenham; Angela Morgan; Edna St. Vincent Millay; and so on through the list. I take a book of prayers like Bishop William A. Quayle's "The Climb to God" or Bishop Thirkield's little "Book of Prayers"; and if a lull comes in the evening service I snatch that opportunity to read to my people a great spiritual poem or a great prayer from some deeply devotional heart. It adds a touch of spiritual strength that I alone cannot give. I do not make this the chief part of the prayer meeting; but it is a real part. I always make *the* Book

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the large part of the service, but side by side with The Book of Books I have several companion books to draw on for added spice and variety. This is a ministry of books that I have found most useful and most interesting to large audiences at my prayer meetings.

I never let a year pass without conducting a series of study classes in my young peoples' meetings or at the prayer meeting time. The first purpose, of course, is to get the message of the books into the hearts of the people; but a secondary reason is to get the books into the people's homes. This is a fascinating and a simple book ministry. A certain book is selected for study. Each person in the class gets a copy of the book, and the study runs through as many weeks as there are chapters in the book. At the conclusion of that period the members of the group have acquired intimate knowledge of a new book and new love for the old Book. The Fosdick books may be used in this fashion, as may also "By An Unknown Disciple", "Four Hitherto Unpublished Gospels", and others of a like nature. It was in this way that the chapters of Dr. Sheldon's great book "In His Steps" were first presented to an evening church audience; and it is thus that they have been presented thousands of times since their publication. Perhaps these circumstances explain in a large measure the fact that over 22,000,000 copies of this book are said to have been sold.

Another of the real book ministries that a clergyman may enjoy, is that of lending his own marked books. Somehow they mean more to his people when he has read and marked them. I have been doing this for years, and I have lost very few of my books in this way. Whenever I do lose one I say, "Well if that person wants that book badly enough to keep it I am glad. It is his as my gift and I'll get a new one." Young people especially will take advantage of this service of the preacher's library. Except for the work of turning the faces of young people toward college, there is no greater ministry than that of turning their faces toward good books and the great characters living within their covers. Indeed the two ministries are kindred.

In a recent conference that I heard conducted by a great-hearted preacher for preachers alone, each minister was asked to tell exactly the thing that had had the most influence in his life. We were somewhat surprised to learn from these great preachers that few of them had been turned to the higher life through hearing a sermon; by far the larger part testified that the reading of certain great books had had the most determining influence in their lives. It is for that reason and that alone that "Who's Who In America" contains the names of more preachers' children than the offspring of any other profession.

"Why is that?" asked a great business man of a great preacher.

"It is because they were raised with great books, culture, and ideals," replied the great preacher to the great business man.

"That is a turning point in a lad's life," said the business man thoughtfully.

"What is?" asked the preacher.

"When he is introduced to a great book," replied the business man.

There are many ministries that the eager preacher may offer to his people; but of them all, the ministry of books has a high place for everlasting good in human lives.

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A SPORT WRITER CONFESSES

By Lawrence Perry

With Sketches by Reginald Marsh

SO numerous and varied are the connotative aspects of modern amateur sport that even one as closely associated with it as the writer finds himself at a loss to determine intrinsic values. The professional branch, if only because of its frankness, offers no such difficulty. Obviously and unblushingly its interests are commercial. Ethics are enforced through the medium of fines, suspensions, and the like, so far as participants are concerned, while those who look on are under the surveillance of the police and representatives of private protective agencies. You simply pay your money and demean yourself in accordance with such standards as exist in the paddock, the ringside, the grandstand, or the bleachers. Or, if it be one's lot to chronicle for the daily press, report and commentary of these mercenary sporting activities, the issue is clearly defined; for the aim and the end of all these things is the purveyance of thrilling amusement.

On the other hand we have come to uncertainty concerning the essentials of amateur sport because of complexities which have developed in recent years. For one thing we note a pervading commercial aspect which in respect to football at least must—and does—excite envy in the professional promoter. In track and in rowing there exist opportunities for the promulgation of that international relationship whose recently appreciated significance has utterly changed their character as mere sports and made them important adjuncts to statecraft and diplomacy.

Furthermore, industrial captains have come to recognize the value of competitive games as a prime factor in the establishment of morale and solidarity among forces of employees, while their value as propaganda has not been lost upon those who conduct our educational institutions.

Amateur sport is competition involving the pride of personal opinion and conducted without thought of gain purely for the sake of the game. The writer used to regard this definition lovingly as a brain-child absolutely adequate and completely descriptive. Now he wonders; he wonders if sport per se any longer exists or, rather, he did wonder until last winter when he varied the rugged delights of the winter carnival at Dartmouth by a ski-hike over the green and white New Hampshire hills where in an alluring tavern in a little ice-locked village he came upon a game of checkers between two local champions.

Surrounding the protagonists sat enthusiasts from the country round, with bated breath watching the various moves and counter moves which the gnarled, albeit cunning, hands devised. And upon the instant of some effective stroke, hand-clappings and floor-thumpings attested the triumph. The issue unquestionably was momentous; sporting spirit ran high. It was, in fact, sport, tangy of the American soil.

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And if boyhood memories are not misleading and what the oldtimers tell us is not subdued and glorified by the tender mists of memory, all that once

went forward on the field of play was of that simple character. But other times, other manners; other complexities for that scribe who in addition to his duties as reporter and critic seeks to evolve a modern philosophy which will perhaps sustain him, as well as to devise standards that mean something definite and worthwhile.

At least under present conditions he has the assurance of a definite place in the scheme—whatever the scheme may be—of amateur sport. As a consequence many of his guild are writing matter that delves beneath the surface of events and a few are submitting findings rich in constructive value and bulwarked by the background of proper sentiment and precise understanding. It is in the matter of moral standards alone that one feels the insecurity of his footing and the deviousness of his path. As to this more anon. So far as the present scribe is concerned his experience of college sport is bridged by two events, the span, fifteen years. In the first a squad of critics who had assembled to watch the Harvard varsity crew launch their shell for a final practice spin at New London were requested by some undergraduate rowing functionary to vacate the boat house property at Red Top. In the second—this was last year—the Crimson crew authorities, rather than put a group of newspaper writers to the necessity of waiting an hour for the train from Red Top to New London, sent them down river in the good launch "John Howard".

These two incidents represent æons of change. Glancing recently over an old file of "Harper's Weekly" the writer discovered that even Caspar Whitney—who was all that was good and great and idealistic in the chronicling of sport—held dubious views as to the welcome he might receive at Red Top or Gales Ferry, provided he sought to gain admission to the sacred precincts.

There have been other beneficial changes, these of internal nature in the spirit of sport on the Thames. It is no longer necessary for Yale and Harvard scouts to lurk among the headlands of the river course, observing through powerful glasses the time rows of rival crews. Times made in these trial tests are now exchanged as a matter of course and coaches of the Crimson and Blue have all sorts of opportunities of observing the two crews in action on the river. This attitude

applies as well to Princeton, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Syracuse, Columbia, and Annapolis.

In rowing—as in other sports—the athletic writer has, as indicated, lost his role as a pariah and has become,

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wherever he may fare, a welcome guest. He has either rowed himself, or has been so closely associated for a number of years with systems of rowing and coaching methods as to qualify at least as an expert observer whose opinions are valuable to the coach—or if not to him at least to bodies of alumni readers who are anxious to obtain as accurate a line as possible upon the merits of their crew and opposing combinations.

The alumnus of whatever college who reads of his university eight these days may have now the satisfaction of knowing that what is written is the result not of guesswork, nor hearsay, but of first-hand observation. Visits to all the universities that go in for rowing are among the pleasant duties of the rowing critic in the spring season. His welcome is always hospitable; his place in the coaching launch is assured. He is competent to detect many of such faults as the crew may possess and those that he cannot see are revealed to him through unceasing adjurations of the coach.

From the oarsmen, self-sacrificing, enthusiastic, long-suffering, he catches the spirit of stalwart youth, shares it and becomes young himself. The poetry of the beautiful environment of Carnegie Lake at Princeton, of the Charles River meadows, of the well-ordered banks of the Schuylkill, of the early spring reaches of the Severn with their adolescent hills, of glowing Cayuga and the lordly Hudson, enters into his soul and gives color to his screeds.

After all, it is in rowing more than in any other of the rugged competitive sports that the changed spirit gives to him who writes thereof, a sense of professional dignity and a wholesome reaction to critical values. He is attaining in ever increasing degree the mental stance of that leisurely and precise guild who serve somewhat as ambassadors to sport in England. He has still a long way to go, but he is getting there. He can be merciless in his criticism, so long as it be done in a spirit of fairness and in obedience to those canons of the art of propulsive energy which he has come to accept as standard....

It is a pleasure to write of intercollegiate rowing. Nothing upon the list of registered sports is conducted so purely in the interests of amateurism. In no sport is there so pleasing an interchange of sociability among coaches and oarsmen. Visiting crews and their mentors share the same boat houses with their hosts and are guests at undergraduate clubs, at fraternities, or in the regular college dormitories. The traditional flaunting of secrecy has vanished. Gentlemanly competition and the kinship of a common sporting impulse hold joint sway. The gate receipt evil is non-existent and to the extent of the writer's knowledge no seat of learning feels that defeat in a spirited race has wrought eternal disgrace or seriously affected the honor or prestige or attractiveness of the institution in whatever way. Oarsmen are developed after they have come to college, are not as a rule finished products of preparatory school aquatic systems. There are merits in this fact which will no doubt be grasped.

As with rowing so in large degree with track-work—the professional element does not have to be considered because it is so inconsiderable, if, indeed, it exists at all. Rowing as a profession practically ended in the 'eighties in this country and professional track and field athletics have little public appeal. As a consequence the writer of sports meets with no

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complications which might trouble his vision or affect his judgment. He journeys to the various collegiate athletic fields in the course of spring training, meets the trainers upon cordial terms, sympathizes with them over pulled tendons, turned ankles, and the like, and shares their joy over one or more athletes whose performances are showing the results of skilled coaching and conditioning.

There is nothing to conceal and words are merely supplementary to figures. For example, if you hear from a trainer that So and So has just come up from twelve feet ten inches to thirteen feet in the pole vault, you have a story which requires nothing but verbal embellishment. Ethics among contestants are scrupulously observed, and since physical contact is not indicated in any of the track and field events there is no occasion for some of those distressing situations which occasionally mark the diamond and the football gridiron. The writer finds that standards are, as it were, automatic; he has little or no occasion to take reference to them.

College baseball offers some perplexing problems to player, to faculty director, to writer alike; that is to say, to the writer who feels that he has duties lying beyond mere recital of who won the victory and why the victory was won. The number of writers of the sort is increasing gradually; but matters will be improved when such writers may be termed numerous. For mercenary interests come very close to the heart of college baseball. There is organized baseball, for instance, whose demand for recruits of ability is unceasing. Scouts from big league clubs have the various college nines throughout the country under observation, and such players as recommend themselves are tempted by salaries of attractive size to affiliate themselves with professional outfits. The situation is complicated by the fact that college teams as a rule are conducted by coaches whose instincts and training are the products of years in the big leagues.

Now, of course, there is no disgrace in affiliation with a major league baseball club. It is for the most part an honest game and the personnel has improved year by year—chiefly, it is likely, through the infusion of the college element. At the same time col-

leges are hardly conducted for the preparation of league material; and a university is not especially gratified when as a net result of his experience within the classic shades a graduate elects the futile life of a big leaguer rather than the less colorful career of a follower of commerce, trade, the professions, arts, and sciences. Is it the business of the writer to hold up the hands of the faculty in this respect? Is it, indeed, his duty? Or had he better observe an attitude of Jovian benevolence upon the opposing aspects of a situation as between college star and faculty which is ever growing more pointed? It is all a question of the easiest way and the pleasantest way as opposed to a course that makes for enemies and disillusionment.

There can, however, be but one course for the writer who believes in sport as a means to an end, i. e., body building, clean mentality, indomitable

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instincts, and healthful diversion. Called a crank he may be, berated he will surely be; at least he will have—as the present scribe has had—the support of all who are worthwhile and understand the due and proper relation of competitive sports not only to the educational system but to the scheme of life.

Each spring there come to the present scribe certain names of undergraduate baseball stars who it is alleged have played summer baseball for money. He has never even had the temptation to submit them to colleges involved, for investigation—except when one boy or another who happens to have been caught is debarred from representing his university on the diamond. Then, indeed, it seems a pity that one should suffer when so many of his fellow players are apparently guilty.

There are many who hold that the rule which forbids a college ball player from playing on a summer resort or hotel team as a return for cash or board, is unnecessary; that very often it works hardship upon a boy who is working his way through college and sorely needs such money as he can pick up through his athletic skill. The trouble here is that while of itself summer ball may not be iniquitous, it is something more than a technical offense against the amateur spirit; that, also, it is a wedge of professionalism which may not with wisdom be countenanced. The writer has noted that representatives of those colleges which do not frown upon summer baseball have entered organized baseball in numbers larger than in the case of institutions which forbid students to indulge therein. The reverse of the picture is that many university and college ball players each season are ostensibly playing for the love of the game and the sake of sport, but in reality are receiving money through various subterfuges which cannot be regarded as conducive to the proper development of their character or to their moral growth.

It is all puzzling enough for the sports writer. So much so that, generally speaking, he does nothing; he sits back and leaves the game and all its practical and moral ramifications pretty much in the hands of student correspondents and professional baseball scribes. For it seems certain that baseball, which is one of the most beautiful sports that exists, which has no equal as a general body developer, is under the shadow of the money spell cast by the major and minor leagues—a tainted sport. So much so that a university so great and in sports so prominent as the University of Minnesota has eliminated intercollegiate baseball from her athletic calendar.

But it is in football that he who devotes himself to chroniclings of amateur athletics meets his bitterest problems. Primarily the commercial interests of the great autumn sport are literally immense. Year by year gate receipts mount into the millions. Thus aside from its aspects as a game it has extraordinary significance. Proceeds are devoted in part to the maintenance of costly coaching and training systems and the upkeep of imposing plants. That which remains is turned into the athletic fund for support of such non-productive activities as rowing and minor athletic pastimes. Even track and baseball at many institutions must draw upon football for their support.

Herein, of course, is to be found adequate justification for the game. There can be no doubt as to this. But inasmuch as football is a pro-

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ducer under certain circumstances it is, of course, necessary that those circumstances exist. A prime requisite is the development of elements at the various colleges which season after season shall win a fair percentage of victories over certain rivals. In the case of some institutions, it has become a life work to gain gridiron prestige through defeat of illustrious teams. For football fame means advertising of the sort which is said to increase the curve of undergraduate enrolment, which will enhance student morale, and inspire alumni with enthusiastic and constructive solidarity —which will attract good football players from the prep schools and other colleges.

Thus, strong gridiron teams are a political as well as an economic necessity in the case of nine-tenths of the colleges of the country. Some of them have publicity departments to the end that the public prints may have no cause for overlooking their claims to football fame. In the case of seats of learning where the game goes down into the early roots of tradition, where loyal, enthusiastic thousands and tens of thousands of alumni turn out year by year with unswerving devotion whether their elevens have won or lost in successive seasons, the financial aspect does not appear so vital. Yet here, too, desire for victory and efforts in behalf of successful elevens are equally intense.

It has been stated that at many institutions scholarship in the course of the fall is at low ebb; that football brings about a most demoralizing distraction of attention from the essential work of a college or university. And year by year the evil that is sowed bears the fruit of amazing mortality in the results of the February scholastic tests. Finally, there is the growth of professional football which in the end will kill the college game if it is not of itself squelched.

What shall the writer of football do about it? When he knows that certain alumni groups are tampering with preparatory schools which annually graduate high grade football material; when he believes that stars from smaller colleges are being induced in one way or another to transfer to other institutions, usually through the activity of an alumnus or a band of alumni; when, in brief, he feels that the "side show is beginning to dominate the circus"—what line of action shall be take?

If he loves the game of football better than any college that ever played it, if he believes that there can be but one end to the present trend—a trend which sees intercollegiate football sharing with professional baseball the esteem of the great public masses, which sees institutions leaving their sectional environment and coming to New York and other large centres for their games—, if he believes that only sanity and a sense of proportion can prevent an eventual explosion which will blow the scheme of college football sky high, then he has but one choice to make. He has got to fight and fight hard for what he knows is right and decent and normal and proportionate.

Last September a certain writer possessed facts which convinced him that a particular institution in quest of football supremacy over a certain rival obtained players from sister institutions under circumstances prejudicial to the best interests of that place of learning. So the writer in question wrote fearlessly, albeit in a vein of kindliness. Result—he is persona non grata to the football faculty of that institution and is set down as

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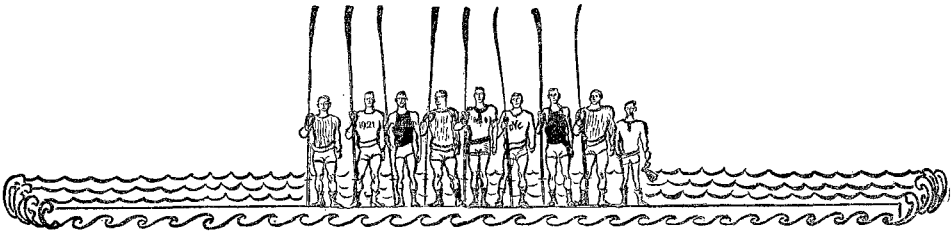
a man merely intent upon venting personal grievances. But at least that institution ceased what it was doing—which was sufficient reward, even granting it was all the reward that he (or any other scribe who attempts to hew to the line in these matters) could logically expect.

Too few of the sport writing fraternity recognize their stewardship in respect to the ethics and morals of amateur sport. This may be due to self-consciousness, or sheer ignorance of the sanctity of their calling. Or it may be that damnable attitude which is marked throughout the whole American journalistic profession: refusal to take oneself, or what one is doing, too seriously. Which is the reason, I presume, why anyone who would not think of attempting the duties of a physician, a lawyer, a banker, a plumber, or a clergyman, has the firm theory that he could edit a newspaper better than it is being edited, could write at least as well as anyone who is writing. The newspaper profession has no side, no hocus pocus of mystery, no grandiose flourish of technique that in other professions gives pause to the average man.

It was the late Hammond Lamont—greatest of all modern editorial writers I think—who urged unceasingly the bearing aloft of "the flaming torch of journalism". It should be borne in the domain of sport as elsewhere. As the writer has said in a foregoing paragraph, there are a few—a small minority—who have received inspiration from their new relations with those who conduct and participate in amateur sport, who have developed a sense of dignity and of responsibility, who have come to a conception of the root significance of the amateur game. But such as these are not a little mystified as to the trend, aims, and scope of the administrative side of "gentleman sports conducted for gentlemen". Perhaps in the last analysis the whole problem rests with those who write: rests with them to define standards, to draw lines, to bring present-day amateurism flush with the might of high opinion.



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FANNIE HURST

WHEN I was a girl, the crowd of young people with whom I was associated used to play a game in which we characterized our friends by colors, by sounds, by three objects which symbolized them, by three characters in history or fiction which they suggested.

Playing that game for the moment, I should say that Fannie Hurst is colored gold and blue, that her sounds are those of the flute and the violin, that her personality is symbolized by a bolt of sequinned, rose-colored velvet, a kaleidoscope and a mountain pool, that she is Nausicaa, Hermione and Sophia Western.

When I look at Fannie Hurst, I see a heroic-statured girl with regular features, a smoothly lustrous flesh and eyes—

It is her eyes that baffle me.

No girl-babe's eyes could be more clear, no boy-boxer's more candid, no maiden nun's more unrevealing. They seem to open a way through curtains—brown-grey, blue-hazel, I have never been able to decide their color—through long crystalline reaches directly to her mind. And gazing through those translucent avenues, this is what her mind looks like to me.

A virgin forest of the north. Great, high-growing trees invading the sky with a jungle-mass of foliage; thick underbrush, dropping solid, blue, dew-cooled shadow; mammoth rocks, velvet mosses, freckled lichens. Over all, a seethe of blue sky, a constant shift of white cloud; under all a quiet of warm, dry earth, a pour of woody odors; everywhere between, constant sift of sunlight, constant flit of shadow; birds full-plumaged, many-colored, turning the green air to a bubbling ecstasy . . .

Always after having established—or reestablished—this picture of Fannie Hurst, I read a new Fannie Hurst story.

And then invariably, I begin to ask myself questions.

Whence in that cool forest mind comes that crowd of old Jewish fathers and mothers whose sorrows wring our hearts? Surely this child-eyed girl was in her early twenties when she began to tell us about old age. Whence comes that intimate knowledge of the poor; their pathetic makeshifts, their tragic compromises? Surely this sumptuous girl has never shaken hands with poverty. Whence comes that understanding of the criminal mind . . . violent impulse . . . heaving hope . . . quaking regret? Surely this calm-faced girl has never gazed on vice. And above all whence comes that extraordinary fecundity of detail?

Are there, hidden in the green heart of that forest-mind, invincible cities, teeming with life? If so—when did this girl-architect build them? Are there hidden away in innumerable caverns, bales and boxes and barrels of data? If so—when did this girl-pirate scuttle the ship of life and loot it of its cargo?

Or is it that she has, to a remarkable degree, that creative impulse which can, with one swift flash of its fairy godmother wand, bare to her any unknown human heart that she wills to study and with another draw the curtain aside from any unknown scene of life that she wills to portray?

Which?

I give it up.

Inez Haynes Irwin

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THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Marguerite Wilkinson

IN February, American magazines published only a modicum of good poetry. Better things can be said of March. I find even an embarrassment of riches, five poems of unusual interest and value and every one of them too long to be reprinted here in full!

Perhaps first place should be accorded to "All Souls' Night" by William Butler Yeats, which appeared in "The New Republic". It is longer than most of the lyrical poems of the Irish master, but in other respects is quite characteristic. It teases the mind strangely with its atmosphere of Celtic mysticism and its apparently simple, really subtle, candor. Here are the stanzas with which is begins:

It is All Souls' night and the great Christ Church bell
And many a lesser bell, sound through the room
For it is now midnight;
And two long glasses brimmed with muscatel
Bubble upon the table. A ghost may come,
For it is a ghost's right,
His element is so fine
Being sharpened by his death,
To drink from the wine-breath
While our gross palates drink from the whole wine.

II

I need some mind, that if the cannon sound
From every quarter of the world, can stay
Wound in mind's pondering,
As mummies in the mummy cloth are wound;
Because I have a marvellous thing to say,
A certain marvellous thing
None but the living mock,
Though not for sober ear;
It may be all that hear
Should laugh and weep an hour upon the clock.

Mr. Yeats then names and describes some of the ghosts he would evoke and, in a sense, does evoke them for the reader. The poem closes with these lines:

IX

But names are nothing. I care not who it be.
So that his elements have grown so fine
The fume of muscatel
Give to his sharpened palate ecstasy
No living man can drink from the whole wine.
I have mummy truths to tell
Whereat the living mock,
Though not for sober ear
For maybe all that hear
Should laugh and weep an hour upon the clock.

X

Such thought—such thought I have that hold it tight
Till meditation master all its parts
Nothing can stay my glance
Until that glance run in the world's despite
To where the damned have howled away their hearts
And where the blessed dance;
Such thought, that in it bound
I need no other thing
Wound in mind's wandering
As mummies in the mummy cloth are wound.

Two lines alone would make this poem a memorable delight—

To where the damned have howled away their hearts
And where the blessed dance.

No quainter picture of the damned have I found in contemporary verse.

Another admirable poem of the month is "A House" by Ford Madox Hueffer. It appeared in "Poetry" and simultaneously in London in "The Chapbook", the excellent little magazine edited by Harold Monro. "A

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Each month* THE BOOKMAN *will select a group of poems from the American periodicals. These will be submitted to a prominent poet or critic who will choose from them "The Poems of the Month", though he will be free to add any others he may prefer. Amy Lowell will act as arbiter for July and August. The complete list of poems selected will be found in the Gossip Shop.*

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House" is called a morality play and the dramatis personæ are given as follows:

Complete Human
Herself, Himself, Maid, House-Boy, Postman
Unborn Human
Son of The House
The Others
The House Itself, The Tree, The Nightingale, The House Dog, The Cat of The House, First Clock, The Milch Goat, The Mare, The Rooster, The Drake, Second Clock, The Pigs, etc.

These spirits, talking together, tell a story as old as Everyman, as old as the race of home-makers who put four walls and a roof between themselves and the outside world, but the poet makes them tell it with a sympathy and understanding that are modern.

Mr. Hueffer is so much an artist that the effect of his rhythms and symbols is cumulative rather than immediate, so that the intensity of the reader's emotion deepens and increases as the poem progresses. For this very reason it is impossible to give, in a brief quotation, a sense of the pleasure to be found in reading "A House". Here, however, is the first speech of The House Itself:

I am The House.
I resemble
The drawing of a child
That draws "Just a House". Two windows and two doors,
Two chimney pots,
Only two floors;
Three windows on the upper one. A fourth
Looks towards the North.
I am very simple and mild;
I am very gentle and old,
I have stood too long.

Genevieve Taggard's "Ice Age", which was printed in the good first number of "The Measure", is exceedingly interesting. It tells the story of the end of our world in ice and snow and silence. A fine pathos moves through it and grows in it while men and women go on "caroling, caroling, caroling" to keep the cold away, although

never a note
In timbre any bigger than the tone of a flute

is to be heard and although there are

Little sounds only coming in the throat
And the big sounds mute.

Of the scientific theory of the poem it is necessary to say only that Miss Taggard's prophecy is in fairly good accord with much information given in Mr. Wells's "Outline of History". But it is a privilege to speak a good word for the poetry of "Ice Age".

"Unknown Country" by Harold Monro in "The Dial" is a delightful description of the shyness of a friendly person. The stranger in the unknown country says, wistfully,

Here in this other world, all people go
With easy, dream-like movements to and fro.
They stare through lovely eyes, yet do not seek
An answering gaze, or that a man should speak.
Had I a load of gold and should I come
Bribing their friendship, and to buy a home,
They would stare harder and would slightly frown:
I am a stranger from the distant town.

. . . . . .

Trust me a little. Must I always stand
Lonely, a stranger from an unknown land?

In "The Dial", also, I find "An Old Man Sees Himself" by Conrad Aiken. It is beautiful in color and in cadence and typical of Mr. Aiken at his best.

Of the short poems of the month the one that means most to me is Carl Sandburg's "Jailbirds" published in "The New Republic". It expresses warm human sympathy for those who are shut away from the summer.

JAILBIRDS

Beat at the bars.
Cry out your cry of want.
Let yourself out if you can.
Find the sea, find the moon, if you can.
Shut the windows, open the doors.
There are no windows, are no doors?
There is no sea, is no moon?
Cry your cry, let yourself out if you can.

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THE LONDONER

A Collected Edition of Bernard Shaw—"Blanco Posnet"—Other Collected Editions—Plays within Boards and on the Boards—Norman Douglas's Works—Wells Home Again—"Something Light"—Novels by Gilbert Cannan and Rose Macaulay—Psychoanalysis, a School Teacher, and the Poets—A Hardy Presentation—Books by Knut Hamsun—Chekhov's Plays.

LONDON, *April* 1, 1921.

I UNDERSTAND that there is to be a limited collected edition of the works of George Bernard Shaw. This is good news. As a rule, when a man publishes a collected edition of his works, he enhances its value—its uniqueness—by contributing new prefaces to the various volumes. This custom puts Mr. Shaw in a quandary. I do not doubt that he is capable of writing new prefaces to his works, but in that case what is to become of the old prefaces, which form so integral a part of the current editions? I cannot suppose that these will disappear, although that would certainly give a fresh distinction to the set. And a second series of prefaces, while it would be of great interest, would set the plays even farther in the background. On the whole, I am disposed to think that there will be only one grand new preface, perhaps occupying a volume to itself. But this is pure supposition, and most likely the special feature of the limited edition will be only that it is intended strictly for book fanciers, who must have something which is not available to ordinary persons, and who do not greatly care what is in the books so long as they are such as can be afforded by none but the few.

Considerable interest has been aroused here recently by the removal of the ban from "The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet". This play was forbidden by the late censor on the ground that certain remarks about God, uttered by a man crazed with grief, were blasphemous. The censor did not pause to consider what might be the phrases of a man in such a state. He merely saw the words, and they were enough for him. In no circumstances, he thought, can English theatre audiences be allowed to hear a human being in a play speaking of God as "a sly one". It would corrupt their morals. And so the play was forbidden. It has just been produced at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead; and while a small part of its success has perhaps been due to the fact that it has long been a sort of secret work of Mr. Shaw's, there has been a decided appreciation of the fact that it is a masterpiece. In years to come this play will be seen quite freely. In any case, the censorship in England has taken a turn for the better since a man of real literary ability and exceptional intelligence has been in charge of that department. It is still far from ideal, for extraordinary things get past the censor; but any improvement is to be welcomed.

Following what I said above about the limited edition of Mr. Shaw, it is interesting to hear that there is a possibility—I can give no further details, because I speak only from hearsay—of collected editions of the works

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of Arnold Bennett and Hall Caine. Hall Caine must, I suppose, be the richest writer in England. He has not only written large numbers of novels which have had sales that would seem considerable even in America, but he has never had a failure upon the stage. He has written a number of plays, and these have all done well and have gone on doing well on tour in the country. The English rule is different from the American in the matter of play production, and it is more common to send a London success upon the road than to give a play first production elsewhere and only gradually bring it to the capital. Hall Caine has followed both courses, and always with success.

* * * *

While I am on the subject of plays, perhaps I may mention that Somerset Maugham has produced, apparently with success, a new comedy playing about the subject of divorce, and called "The Circle". This has been published in book form, in the modern fashion. Another comedy to make the same double appearance in print and upon the boards is "Clemence Dane's" "A Bill of Divorcement". The latter has been received with acclamation, and it is certainly a very accomplished performance. That it is as good as the critics have said I do not for one moment believe; but it is most effective in the theatre. It is emotionally exciting. Yet to me the whole idea is full of falsenesses. Nevertheless, the play is a success, and it is so cleverly written that it may be supposed to deserve it. "Clemence Dane" is the author of several clever novels, beginning with "Regiment of Women"—the best of them, and ending with "Legend", a piece of Jacobean virtuosity. She is young, and she has a palpable future. If her work is not known in America, it should be.

A third play of interest is not yet published or produced. This is Arnold Bennett's "The Love Match". It will be given here by that very capable actor Norman McKinnel, who has only recently entered upon "management" on his own account. He has already given a somewhat grim play called "The Ninth Earl", and as Bennett's comedy is lighter (but still on the serious side) it may be expected to have a longer run. I understand that "The Love Match" will be produced early in May.

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Although it cannot be described as a "collected" edition, I am pleased to see that something approaching that of Norman Douglas's works is being put upon the market. When "South Wind" was published here it was printed and bound in a distinctive style. It was a success. Those who had ignored Douglas's earlier (non-fictional) work hastened to try and make its acquaintance. They found at least two of the books out of print, and scarce. What has happened is that Martin Secker has reprinted these two books in a style as nearly uniform with that of "South Wind" as differences of size and subject allow. The effect is almost better than the dead level of the uniform edition. One book cannot be mistaken for another, but the common authorship is emphasized. The books are "Old Calabria" and "Fountains in the Sand". Meanwhile, I see that Douglas's latest book, "They Went", is repeating the success of its forerunner, which still enjoys a steady sale and will always be a delight to collectors of bizarre books of genius.

* * * *

Wells, I hear, is expected back in

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London at the end of this week. He has had a long holiday in Italy, and is reported in greatly improved health. Following the advice of his doctor, who said to him: "Mind, no work.... Well, something light.... Write a novel!" Wells has been engaged upon a "light" work. That it will be quite as light as the doctor believed, in his ignorance, that a novel should be, I question; but that good progress has been made with the book seems probable. Wells has also been engaged in plans for revising "The Outline of History".

The doctor's remarks about "something light" remind me to say that this has always been a delusion of those who suppose hard work to be manual work. The other day a barber said to me, "Of course, we don't look on your work as work at all." I said, "You try it!" The notion is as old as the novel. "Only a novel!" said Jane Austen's heroine and called down upon her head the author's indignation and a general tirade upon the subject of that class of work. And I remember the late Sir Walter Besant saying shrewdly, "When one considers the amount of hard work which goes to the writing of even a bad novel, etc." Well, if those who consider novel writing easy would only experiment they would change their tune. I have now written more novels than I ought to have done, and I can assure any sceptical reader that the writing of novels is the hardest thing I know. It is not really understood that no character in a novel ever convincingly suffers any emotion that the author has not much more vividly suffered for him. The author's suffering may be vicarious, but it is more poignant than anything that gets down upon paper and is thus communicated to the reader. If the emotional rewards were not equally great, I doubt whether the sincere novelist would continue to suffer as he does in order that readers shall derive benefit from his conceptions.

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Gilbert Cannan's new novel, "Pugs and Peacocks", is announced for early publication. The title is not alluring, but the book, which appears after so long an interval, should bear some trace of the wider outlook which Cannan must have gained by all his recent traveling. You cannot, I should suppose, cover the whole world without learning enormous quantities of new things about life and its manifestations. So I am looking forward to reading this book with distinct eagerness. Cannan, I hear, is now in India.

Another new novel to which I am looking forward is Rose Macaulay's "Dangerous Ages". This is based upon an ingenious survey of human nature, and there is no doubt that the author has given her acute and rather merciless mind full scope for its activities. I am told that when Miss Macaulay found it necessary for her purposes to discover what a professional psychoanalyst would make of the situation of one of her characters she went, in the person of that character, to consult a professional psychoanalyst. That there were difficulties I am sure, but Miss Macaulay surmounted these. She obtained the advice she needed for her fictional character. What I want to know is whether the professional psychoanalyst was genuinely taken in. Discrepancies will occur in the narrative of a genuine patient, and doctors must be on the lookout for these. And no doctor says to his patient exactly what he thinks. But the point is, did the professional psychoanalyst give his advice in good faith, or was he all the time forming a different opinion from

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the one to which he was giving expression? We shall never know.

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Psychoanalysis is all the rage here, as it may be also in the United States. Book after book is being published exploiting the credulity of those who like their pornography with a glossy surface. Action is being taken against some books, and others are coming to their public uninterrupted. Most likely the ones to be punished will be the genuine ones, while the base books, making money out of ignorance and curiosity, will thrive. It is the fate of such things. Here you have an extremely valuable theory, which may or may not be of enormous service when it is properly applied, being prostituted and seized upon by the charlatan. Everything is reduced to sex, and the neurotic are getting hold of complexes by the hundred. They love the whole business. At the moment the stunt psychoanalytical volume has taken the place of the naughty queens book. It is more pernicious than its forerunner, because it provides a preoccupation, and engenders great quantities of bilge in the minds of the unbalanced and hysterical. However, that is the price we must pay for the free circulation and misunderstanding of valuable ideas, and I suppose that we shall reap the benefit later, when the muck has spent itself.

I was reading the other day the apparently genuine letters to her friends —her intimate friends—of a young English school teacher. They were extraordinary. Amid gush about people met, and dances, and nonsense about the contemporary novelists and their futile works, there were marvelous passages of naiveté. The writer was confessedly unattractive to the opposite sex. Her longing for love was thus a constant obsession. Failing in her efforts, which we may be sure from the tone of her letters were very modest and entirely unobjectionable, to attract the men who attracted her, this school teacher fell back upon highly-sexed novels. She described their "passion". I will not give these books an advertisement, but she named them. I had a curious glimpse of the kind of mind of the pornographic novelist and his readers. This girl was a subject for psychoanalysis. She was not so much suppressing her impulses as having them frustrated by circumstance. And she was living this strange life of reading books which stimulated her obsession. There are books which do this deliberately—most novels do it incidentally. We know that the love story does it. But the books which this young woman mentioned contained passages, which she quoted, that were grotesque. The quotations were all perfectly silly descriptions of embraces and devotions, ugly and physical in their details, but fundamentally coarse. They were not voluptuous. They were not suggestive. They were crude. I suppose they represented one recipe for writing novels, but I was quite sure that this poor girl would get no ultimate satisfaction out of them. She was altogether too simple.

Meanwhile the latest sport among the young poets appears to be the analysis of their poems by a leading psychologist who reveals the emotions which have given rise to particular lyrical concepts. The game goes merrily on, and I suppose that the poets may eventually derive some new knowledge of themselves which will prove of value in critical estimates of their work. Whether they will do so is a matter, it seems to me, for the individual psychologist. That is the whole point, that the onus rests with

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the psychologists. If these are equal to their task there is no end to the amount of really interesting material which they may bring to light. It is not against the genuine practitioners that I have any feeling. The psychologist is not a charlatan. It is merely that the character of this work lends itself to the practice of charlatanism. The bad man is always with us, and when he employs his energies upon a field so fresh and so open to conjecture as the modern psychological method, he has immediately at command all the credulous creatures whose desires for knowledge outrun their ability to detect imposture. When one of the real sort is able to show us the results of his work among, say, the young poets, he will have done the science he practises a great service. He will also have rendered aid to self-knowledge which can hardly be overestimated. Every effort of the charlatan, on the other hand, is directed to his own commercial profit, and I suggest that the charlatans in this as in other branches of the medical and legal profession outnumber the genuine articles by about a hundred to one.

* * * *

Last year, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, Thomas Hardy received a presentation from members of the Authors' Society. I am not sure of the form this presentation took; but it will be recalled that three members of the committee which gave the address traveled down to Dorchester to see the great novelist and poet. From the signatories were omitted most of the young writers of the day, although a few of them worthily found places in the list. Now it has been ascertained that Mr. Hardy would welcome some sort of tribute from the very young writers who had no opportunity of showing how great is their admiration of the veteran's genius. The discovery was made by St. John Ervine, who recently convened a meeting of young writers in order to ascertain the extent of the feeling of loyalty to Mr. Hardy. As a result of the meeting it is decided that a similar presentation shall be made this June on the occasion of Mr. Hardy's eighty-first birthday. A committee has been formed, a book is to be bought, and signatures will be attached. These will be as representative as possible, and the qualification will be solely that of relatively youthful literary reputation. I hope that the thing will be done becomingly, and that all who sign will recognize that it is Mr. Hardy, and not they, who confers the honor.

What form the presentation will take is not known to me. I suppose that a few of the leaders will go to Dorchester, as their predecessors did, and that they will be entertained as ambassadors of their kind. No writer has now a more unquestioned following in English letters. Mr. Hardy is not only our greatest novelist; he is one of the few living men to whom the title of "great" would be denied by none whose opinion is worth having. He is a leader not only among Victorians, but among contemporaries. This is a position so unique that I question whether any man has ever held in English literature anything like it.

* * * *

Following upon the slump in the sale and appreciation of modern poetry, which the poets deny but which their sales attest, there are to be two anthologies of modern poetry in the near future. Both are well vouched for. The first is to be made by J. C. Squire, and the publisher is to be Martin Secker; the second is to be made by

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"A. M." and is to have an introduction by Robert Lynd. "A. M." I suppose to be Sir Algernon Methuen, the head of the firm of Methuen and Company. Sir Algernon is himself a writer, as his remarkable work upon the Boer War testified, and his interests are wide and intelligent. He no doubt has had also the benefit of advice from Robert Lynd as to the contents of his anthology. It should therefore be of great interest. I have heard a curious story of this book: that a young poet had the original list of poems submitted to him, that he handsomely amended it, and in doing so generously struck his own name off the list of writers represented. This is an act so entirely without parallel that I am disposed to doubt the truth of the story. There is only one young poet who would deliberately omit himself from an anthology with which his own name was not directly and editorially associated. I will leave my readers to guess the name of this poet.

* * * *

Since the success of "Growth of the Soil" there has been a perfect hurricane of translations of later, earlier, and minors novels by Knut Hamsun. We have had some inferior books, and in fact none of equal merit. Two of them now lie on my table. The first is "Hunger", his first novel, which was published in this very translation a number of years ago, before the boom; the other is a work entitled "Mothwise", which is described as having won the author the Nobel prize. Neither book is upon the same scale or plane as "Growth of the Soil", but both have unusual interest. The former is a description of the states of mind of a starving man which at times is uncanny. It is not, however, a book for the well fed, and I can quite understand why, upon its first publication, this English version fell flat. May its new fate be a different one! All the same, I fear that it may be a little similar. You do not get comfortable folk willingly reading anything which makes them uncomfortable. Besides, the book has practically no sex interest, and is too wild in its best passages to commend itself to the sober English citizen with his meals always ready to time. Starving men, who could appreciate the truth of the author's picture, do not as a rule subscribe to the libraries for the latest novels. What a pity! They would find that reading distracts the mind from hunger as few other things can be said to do.

* * * *

Readers of Chekhov's Tales will be glad to know that there is to be a translation of his plays by Mrs. Garnett. There already exists, of course, a two-volume edition of the plays, one volume by Marian Fell, and the other by that brilliant young man who died in wartime, Julius West. These volumes are very well in their way, but Chekhovians will be glad to have Mrs. Garnett's versions to place beside the collection of the Tales so admirably rendered by her. The Tales themselves, I am informed, will run to not fewer than a dozen volumes. I should welcome some sort of bibliographical note giving us an idea of the order in which the stories were written. At present, owing to the fact that Mrs. Garnett has made no attempt to reproduce the order of the actual works, we are completely unable to form any idea of the growth of Chekhov's talent. We may be reading a story of his earliest period next to one of his maturity, and we have no means at all of distinguishing between them.

SIMON PURE

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THE SKETCH BOOK

HUNTING WORLDS

By Stella Benson

PEKING, 1921.

I AM glad I have met the Chinese dragon. He has a smile and he has hungry eyes and his hair curls. Until I met the Chinese dragon I never liked curly-haired heroes. Generally they strike me as being artificial. But the dragon you can see hasn't a spark of artifice about him; there is sincerity in every line of him—every curl of him. Very probably he tries hard to grease the kink out of his hair, much to the secret regret of his mother. But there is nothing superficial about that curl, the tendency comes out even in his marcelled spine.

I have a great and growing fondness for dragons as a species, especially for Chinese dragons. Here in Peking I cannot determine exactly what the popular feeling toward dragons is. I cannot guess offhand what sort of reception would be accorded to a dragon who suddenly walked in at the Hatamen Gate and through the streets, called at all the legations as a gentleman should, and then went to cool off in the moat that surrounds the Forbidden City, that moat in which the little yellow porcelain dragons that fortify the skyline are reflected among the leaves of water-lilies. Certainly I should like to meet such an adventurer as this, and I do not suppose the camels would shy as wholeheartedly as they do in honor of a simple flivver.

Sometimes you do meet a dragon on the street walking vicariously on the legs of dozens of little boys. It has a band in front of it consisting of ten gongs and a bass wheeze, so you can see that it has admirers and that they do their best to give it pleasure. This dragon always looks to me both thirsty and dissatisfied. Its tongue hangs out. I always attributed this to the music, but now I gather that the procession is formed to lure rain, when needed, out of the sky. At any rate this dragon is decorated with pom-poms stuck into its hide by means of toothpicks, so you can see that it walks not without honor.

Yet I repeat, if you are a dragon, you cannot depend on Chinese public opinion, you never know where you are. Only the other century the Chinese authorities found a stray dragon about ten miles out of Peking. They probably charged it with being without visible means of subsistence, but really they suspected it of world-swallowing. Indeed they caught it redhanded. So they came up behind it while it was asleep and built a big pagoda on its head and a little pagoda on its tail and so pinned it down. I should have thought the well-precedented pinch of salt would have been both handier and cheaper, but the Chinese are a painstaking race.

I go and look at that dragon sometimes. The coarse grass grows up his steep breast now, his profile is lost in granite boulders, twisted and crouching pines with silver trunks cling to his ribs. But still authority does not trust him, still the two heavy pagodas stand, and their bells ring, invoking the aid of heaven in a good work. And I know that he is not to be trusted; that is why I love him. I know that he lies awake all day and all night, a pris-

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oner forever, thinking of the worlds he hunted, and of the worlds he caught.

I have a picture, embroidered in silk, that shows me the dragon when he was young. He is curled and lithe and metallic, and he hunts a gold world across black space. Gold is always the color of the worlds on the wing—we all know that after we have hunted—and caught—one or two. But the dragon never learned much, he never knew why a thing that is gold when hunted should be ashes when caught. My picture shows him hollow-eyed and starved, yet dizzy with the spinning and the splendid clamor of new worlds. "Better hunting next time...next time...." So he was caught and there he lies. The gentle yellow weeds grow over his eyes, and it is as well perhaps that he cannot see what I can see today—the great opalescent bubble of temptation blown anew every spring. He cannot see the gold springtime in the great valley, and the shining of the far bristling tiles of the Forbidden City.

There he lies, bewildered, with cold ashes on his tongue, and he wonders where the goodness of good hunting goes, and whether hunting disappointment is better than no hunting. I think he lies and chews a bitter cud.

HOW TO WRITE A TRIOLET

By Alfred Lief

ALONG the piers of North River I was wandering, watching harbored merchant vessels loading, and stopping to inspect them. There was a four-masted schooner that seemed to be a huge mass of wood, rope, and ladders. Opposite it was moored the "Osidian Maru", a Japanese tramp steamer, loading iron products. I stood contemplating the Japanese officer on deck in his snug, blue jacket and ample, white trousers, who was occupied in nothing more important than watching me. When I saw the pier guard approach—recognizable by his club—I reflected that I had learned enough about ships, and walked away.

Down the street I saw two dirty-faced boys flinging sticks into the discolored water that lapped the wharf. I remembered that at their age I did *not* have that experience. Remembrance then gave way to inspiration.

I'd like to be a boy again
And ramble on the quays,
I hunger for the joy again—

Sketched by Richard Lahey

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Ha! What next? I hadn't at first intended a triolet, but I was aware that this was just the thing that was coming. Where were the two missing lines? I couldn't help myself. It was, it *was* a triolet.

My next thought was that I hungered for the joy in vain, and truly it was in vain that I sought those lines.

By this time I reached the ferry at Forty-second Street, and my impulse was to take the boat to Weehawken—for no reason at all. Maybe an amble along the unfamiliar Jersey side of the river would be adventure enough to stimulate me emotionally, though I anticipated no rhythmic inspiration in Weehawken.

The trip cost three cents and was—which is not extraordinary—uneventful. Except for the man on board who paraded up and down with a bootblack's paraphernalia in hand, hissing, "Pssst! Shine?" I had nothing to think about but my embryonic triolet.

I followed the crowd to the exit. On the street outside the ferry station at Weehawken a number of trolley car employees were shouting and selling tickets. These I avoided as my purpose was to walk—to walk south until I came to another ferry which would take me back to somewhere in New York.

So I walked. The only thoroughfare was up a long-distance hill, but I was not solitary in my trudgery. At the summit of the alp I perceived numerous pretty and apparently cosy cottages. I pictured the occupants and congratulated them.

But I preferred to venture to that street on which the car line ran its course, for there would be life and shops. Among these I noticed a building marked "Hackensack Water Company".

Odd! I had thought I was in Weehawken, so to reassure myself I asked the first pretty girl I met, "Is this the famous Hackensack?" Strangely enough she smiled but did not reply. And I pursued the subject no further; nor her. In time I encountered a policeman, and for purposes of verification arrested myself in front of him to examine his shield.

Thus did I jog onward as the night came down and the lights of Manhattan flickered more and more brightly in the darkening dusk. My route was devious, twisting in and out the bystreets. I became lost, though not irreparably. I caught up with two men whose close-hand appearance stamped them as laborers returning from their jobs, and inquired the way to the ferry. One of them was unsteady and clutched my arm. The other released him and muttered something; but I followed the indication of his forefinger and came out all right.

I passed a group of idle taxi drivers bantering on the sidewalk and put speed in my shoes to catch the boat; for I saw a swarm of bobbing black figures rush from the landing, and that meant the boat had arrived and would soon depart.

Ensconced in my seat, I took out of my overcoat pocket the verse I had been working on and endeavored to complete it. Notwithstanding my crowded surroundings and the muffled bellows without, the attempt was successful. I say the attempt was, not the verses. But, as the boat rocked against the sidings, there was one point that needed clearing up.

I do not mean the poem. I mean the situation. This was accomplished by my marching off the gangplank and planting myself at the exit to ask one of the outcoming passengers, "Where did that boat come from?" He answered, "Hoboken." To think I had

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been, ignorantly, in that celebrated city!

Well, I sauntered down Twenty-third Street, humming serenely and interrupting my song with my triolet:

I'd like to be a boy again
And ramble on the quays,
I hunger for the joy again—
I'd like to be a boy again;
I'd watch them ship-a-hoy again,
The riders of the seas,
If I could be a boy again
And ramble on the quays.

THE SOUTH TAKES TO BOOK FAIRS

Washington

PERHAPS some of my friends remember the notebook I bought the last time I was in New York, the beautiful little notebook with a black moire cover and jade-green edges, which we agreed was such a remarkable bargain at ten cents. I have actually found a use for it. The distinguished editor of THE BOOKMAN having asked me to write a short but scintillating article on the Book Fair held in Washington by the League of American Penwomen, I saw at once a chance to realize on the ten cents invested in the notebook. I gladly agreed to do the article, though I wish he could have been persuaded to let me put it in the form of a sonnet-sequence. But the idea did not appeal to him, and I must do the best I can with prose.

As I presented my red-stamped press ticket at the door of the New Willard ballroom, I felt, and I am sure appeared the very image of a real reporter, panoplied as I was with the notebook and the disintegrating stump of a soft drawing pencil. I went first to the BOOKMAN booth, because the editor had expressed a not unnatural curiosity, which I am sure you will share, as to how this particular booth was decorated. Let me tell you at once that it looked charming. The Penwomen's own magazine is called "The Penwoman", and some ingenious mind had evolved the idea of dramatizing, as it were, the presence of piles of blue BOOKMEN at one end of the table and heaps of cream-colored "Penwomen" at the other. Above the layers of magazines rose a small stage, and on it a doll-BOOKMAN in the conventional austerity of swallow-tails stood beside a flaxen "Penwoman" in white satin, tulle, and orange-blossoms. It was a pretty wedding, and only one person was stupid enough to ask whether the two publications were to be amalgamated.

Mrs. Du Puy, the president of the League, had told me that the fair was to be as much as possible like an old-fashioned county fair, with brain-produce for sale instead of garden-sass; but I never saw a county fair present a scene of brilliance comparable to the Willard ballroom, lined with booths and filled with a kaleidoscopic crowd. At one end a musical play was in progress; sweet music discoursed and children sang. Near the Pennsylvania booth a low murmur, half eager, half plaintive, filled the air; it was composed of voices inquiring for Mary Roberts Rinehart and other voices replying that she had bronchitis and was therefore regretfully absent. The New York booth was—perhaps I had better avoid invidious comparisons, but at least I may say that it was very large and very beautiful. Here they were doing a thriving trade in autographed novels. I immediately asked about my admired "Miss Lulu Bett" and was told it was selling for stupendous sums, as were also books by

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Wallace Irwin and Irvin Cobb, and the Honorable Robert Lansing's new guide-book of wanderings in the environs of Paris. One of Ernest Thompson Seton's delightful animal books fetched the highest price of all. This was especially fitting because we were having a "Kindness to Animals Week" in Washington at the time. Knowing that THE BOOKMAN has a senile fondness for Yale, I crossed over to the Connecticut booth in search of material and saw there an amusing collection of old New England Primers and Spelling Books. In the days when my father went to Yale they used to sing, I fear in a graceless spirit, a song beginning, "I love to go to Sunday School, sister and I, sister and I", a song going back to a more ingenuous age in which it was doubtless sung sweetly and seriously by good children from just such an American School Hymnal as the ladies at the Connecticut booth showed me. Next door at the Massachusetts booth other ladies were selling autographed copies of "The Five Little Peppers" and urging us all to attend the Pilgrims' Tercentenary Celebration, to be held at Plymouth this summer. I recall the noted rock as a sort of monolithic dumpling on the flattest and sandiest of beaches that ever was named a stern and rockbound coast. No wonder they landed on the only rock in sight, but as I remember it, only one could have landed at a time.

Altogether the fair was most instructive and fascinating, and my only regret is that I never succeeded in finding the Indiana booth, because I know that Arnold Bennett called Indianapolis the literary centre of America. But it may be that New Yorkers are fatuous enough to claim that honor for their own little settlement. After all, I think the correct thing is to say at once that the movies have made California the true literary centre not only of America but of the world.

ELINOR WYLIE

Richmond

THE head of the bookshop of Richmond's largest department store had heard how Marshall Field's of Chicago and Wanamaker's of Philadelphia had conducted book fairs for the middle west and the east. Feeling that it was "up to" Miller and Rhoads to give one for the south, she invited the cooperation of publishers and of the Virgina Writers' Club (of which James Branch Cabell is president), and began to gather material to convert non-readers into readers and readers into happy owners of books. The exhibition in Miss Du Zan's mind's eye must have the right background and atmosphere to stamp Richmond's Book Fair as a home product. To this end the State Library loaned impressive tomes containing the Journals of the Virginia House of Burgesses. People ransacked their libraries for rare books which in leather livery, age-darkened, gazed sedately from cases along the wall upon sumptuously bound and gaily jacketed volumes of current literature. These, arranged in open booths, turned the main floor of the Fair into a veritable midway plaisance, where each publishing house represented had its own exhibit.

Notable in the background was the contribution of J. H. Whitty, whose Poe collection (including manuscripts, first editions, and the "Southern Literary Messenger" desk) is said to be the most complete extant. Some of his treasures seen at the Fair were the earliest publications of "The Raven", in the New York "Mirror", the "Amer-

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ican Whig Review", and the "Southern Literary Messenger"; and copies of "The Raven" printed in foreign languages, including one in Polish recently picked up on a Polish battlefield. There was a file of the rare "Broadway Journal" owned and edited by Poe, in which is inserted "Florence Vane", the only well-known lyric of the Virginia poet P. P. Cooke. Poe loved this bit of verse and often read it in his lectures. It is in Cooke's handwriting and with it is a letter from him telling the circumstances under which it was written. There was also a file of the rare "Burton's Magazine", edited by Poe when he lived in Philadelphia. Of especial interest were Poe's actress-mother's copy of the first American edition of "Hamlet" (a less precious copy of which recently sold at auction for $480) and the only known copy of the pantomime "Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper", in which Poe's mother and father took part in the Boston Theatre. This book, used by the Poes in studying their rôles, contains the only known autograph of Poe's father. The younger generation was charmed by the only schoolbook known to have been used by Poe during his boyhood in Richmond, containing his autograph. There was a unique reprint, in vellum, of Poe's "Tamerlane" (the original of which sold not long since for $11,600), and there were copies of illustrations used by Poe for his early "Tales". But the thing which the fingers of the real Poe-lover burned to handle, was Poe's own copy of his "Poems and Tales".

Among treasures from the library of the late Joseph Bryan were first editions of Hakluyt's "Voyages" (London 1589) and Captain John Smith's "General Historie of Virginia" (London 1625), with its graphic word-pictures, its quaint drawings, and its fascinating map. Smith's lively use of the king's English was equaled only by that of Colonel William Byrd, writing of Virginia happenings in the next century. An out of print, though not first edition of this work, its white vellum protected by a turquoise-colored cloth jacket, came from the library of William G. Stanard, along with Eutropius used as a schoolbook in Virginia in 1763, Shakespeare used at William and Mary College in 1774, and Dryden—London 1763—with the autograph of John Penn, a native of Virginia who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence from North Carolina. Douglas Freeman loaned a copy of the "Iliad" printed at the Aldine Press—Venice 1524—and bearing the colophon of the Dolphin and Anchor, the distinguishing mark of that most famous press of the Renaissance. The three-volume edition de luxe of Keats, given by the poet to his brother, the great-grandfather of Emma Speed Sampson of the Richmond group of writers, to whom it has descended, received deserved attention.

There were books illustrating early printing, and (to remind the bibliophile that new times as well as old have their treasures) a collection of first editions and original manuscripts of James Whitcomb Riley. There was a first edition of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table"—1858—with a letter from its author; and an early edition of the poems of Father Tabb, with two autograph poems by the lovable poet-priest which recalled days when he was a familiar figure in Richmond—consorting chummily with persons of every creed and circumstance, and scribbling John B. Tabb-lets as spontaneously as woodbirds scatter their melody.

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As to new books, it would be impossible to begin to name them. All of the brain children of Richmond's Ellen Glasgow were in new dresses of elegant leather. Margaret Prescott Montague's "Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge" looked admiringly at them from his place in the same booth. Coming upon Mary Johnston's offspring and the progeny of Thomas Nelson Page and Henry Sydnor Harrison in their original editions was like shaking hands with old friends.

A decorative touch was given the Fair by posters and drawings by Howard Pyle and other artists. Mrs. John Lightfoot, of the Writers' Club, contributed some of her quaint silhouettes—duplicates of those bought by the Library of Congress—and a photograph of Amélie Rives's study showing one of these silhouettes on the wall. Margaret Dashiell, whose "Spanish Moss and English Myrtle" was among the new books of verse shown, added some of her sketches from negro life. Fascinating was the "Romance and Mechanics of Book Publishing". In the compositions which high school pupils wrote upon the Fair, this illustration of book editing, printing, and binding, divided honors with illustrations of early printing.

There were talks about books at advertised hours, and each day members of the Writers' Club appeared and autographed their books. Richmond flocked to these receptions, browsed around and bought books, and shook the hands of writers they had read but in many cases never seen. One shopper told a fair and becomingly gowned authoress that she had supposed all women writers were frights.

The Fair was set before readers of newspapers morning and evening in clever ads. And from plate-glass windows photographed faces of many writers, each congenially placed in the bosom of his or her own book-family, looked pleasantly upon Broad Street throughout the week. A delightful luncheon was given by Miller and Rhoads in their Colonial Tea Room to the writing folk and the publishers' representatives. Clever toasts by Evan Chesterman, Rosewell Page (brother of "Tom" Page), and others proved that the tongues of many of the guests were as ready as their pens. Though the publishers' representatives enjoyed the battle of wits they seemed to find the suggestion of proving their own weapons, alarming. Finally Kate Langley Bosher, with a Mary-Caryish twinkle in her eye, whispered something to Mr. Rhoads, who politely invited a greeting from the bashful ones. Then, taking their courage in both hands, they one by one went over the top and took captive the entire company without receiving so much as a playful jibe from Sally Nelson Robins or Annie Steger Winston. James Branch Cabell, who reserves his classic style for his books and talks just like any other man (clever man, of course!) vowed between bites into a rose-colored cake that he "had not had such a good time nor seen so many delicious things to eat for ever so long". This notwithstanding his frequent visits to New York. Mr. Cabell also said that the Book Fair was "jolly well worthwhile" and predicts for Richmond "a greater one next year".

MARY NEWTON STANARD

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

An Epic of Pioneering

IN the foothills of the Green Mountains I had stumbled on a deserted village. There were abandoned farms, a sagging mill, cottages grown over with once domestic roses. There was, too, a gold mine: monument to great ambitious, to fiery dreams of luxury, pains of failure. In the rutted lane of that village I met only a lazy wild cat, who trotted ahead of me quite unconcerned. Here was the entire cycle of the soil. The pioneer had worked his land, had brought his plans and his family to fruition, then had watched prosperity fade. The black ruins were filled with significance.

"Growth of the Soil" (Knopf) is a tremendous picture of the first half of this cycle. It is the story of the rugged body and soul of a pioneer. Isak, the woodsman, living alone in the uncultivated hills, becomes Isak, the landowner, the father of successful children. This is Knut Hamsun's story. He has written it with simplicity, force, and dramatic intensity. Isak is not of Norway nor of today. He is the pioneer anywhere and of all time:

> A tiller of the ground, body and soul; a worker on the land without respite. A ghost risen out of the past to point the future, a man from the earliest days of cultivation, a settler in the wilds, nine hundred years old, and, withal, a man of the day.

There is both nobility and sordidness in the details of his struggle for growth, a struggle that is beaten out in years of dulness, yet that fascinates through two volumes—drab living transmuted into the most vivid drama, as we watch the inevitable molding of the man Isak. The other characters of the story, although drawn with care and skill, are insignificant before the Homeric quality of this "barge of a man". Birth, murder, death: they are all part of the patchwork, they become simple phenomena of life for him, not so much greater than the miracle of that "lordly fruit" the potato.

It is a life and a story without flashes of romantic color. It is treated without the faintest touch of moral preachment. An amazing man, this Isak created by the winner of the Nobel Prize for 1920, almost animal in his approach to life, yet so true that it is terrifying to see in him the picture of our forefathers—and the foreshadowing of ourselves.

Again the Clown Hero

THE steam calliope from Barnum and Bailey's was rolling up Madison Avenue as I started to say how thoroughly I enjoyed "The Mountebank" (Lane). So, naturally, I stopped to enjoy the circus parade. Perhaps this weakness for circuses will prove fatal before the summer's end. Surely, we would all run away to be clowns if we could find so alluring a prize as Lady Auriol at the end of a day's juggling! At any rate, William J. Locke has again written a story with the freshness, the bravado, and the camaraderie of "The Beloved Vagabond". It has most of the qualities that make for gayety, with Locke dialogue that, if it does not sparkle quite so brightly as Locke dialogue

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once did, still pops the cork. Andrew Lackaday, the circus clown who becomes a Brigadier-General and falls in love with a highbred Englishwoman, is mountebank *par excellence*. With the war disposed of in a few paragraphs, with French circuses, Paris cafés, English country houses, a typical Locke comrade in need, a dog, and a surprise conclusion—what more should one demand of a story that is as filled with romance and color as a free-blowing bunch of circus balloons?

Optimism for the Hay Field

IF all farm life were as grim as all books about farm life, our countrysides would be overflowing with morons, idiots, and suicidal skeletons in deserted wells. Whatever our own philosophy of life may be, we can humbly thank Heaven that the great mass of our rural population still finds comfort in the optimism of Longfellow and Whittier, and the teachings of the Bible. "Hope Farm Notes" (Harcourt) is a collection of papers originally printed in "The Rural New Yorker". Herbert W. Collingwood must be a genial person who occasionally indulges in sound and homely preachment as our fathers conceived it. He must have a rare sense of humor. If you do not find any pleasure whatsoever in "Snowbound", don't read this book. Many stories in these pages were told with the avowed purpose of cheering up the farmer when times were hard. Yet they are not the moralizings of a professional altruist. Anyone who has lived on a farm will enjoy hearing fables based on wood splitting or potato hoeing, even though they point a moral. Sometimes we become almost too intimate with the members of the "Hope Farm Man's" household, their sorrows and joys, crops, and Christmas celebrations. For a time we sit down at the well-laden table and become part of the establishment. Now, perhaps this sort of thing is sentimental; but, golly!—when Mr. Collingwood gets to the ice box and the pantry, he's irresistible!

Old World Romance and New America

IF we can't have castles in Spain, let's have them in Cartagena de Indias. This old South American town, rich in stories of conquest, with its pink houses and its cracking fortresses, will now go on the list with Carcassonne—to be seen some day before I die. In "Cartagena and the Banks of the Sinu" (Doran) the veteran R. B. Cunninghame Graham has written a travel book filled with the shimmer of adventure, without ever projecting himself into a hairbreadth escape or a personal encounter with a mysterious damsel bathing in a jungle pool.

This is a faithful study of South American adventure and temperament—a very able and readable book. The descriptions not only lure to Colombia, but the author makes very real personalities of the old Spanish conquerors and their amusing and tragic foibles. The story for example of the founder of Cartagena, Don Pedro de Heredia, who escapes death many times only to drown in sight of his native Spain, is worth a swinging dramatic poem (unless it has already been written). Miss Lowell, Mr. Benét—attention! There are scarlet cloaks, silver buttons, Indians, treasures, and rapiers aplenty. Kindly send a complimentary copy of the poem when it is finished.

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

By H. L. Mencken

THE Franz Bopp and Sir William Jones of the American language, the least dead of all the tongues of man, is Gilbert M. Tucker, of Albany, New York, a gentleman turned seventy-three by the family Bible, but still full of philological zeal and vigor, and even (anon and anon) not above a certain fine bellicosity. His first formal treatise upon the subject was written so long ago as 1882; now, thirty-nine years afterward, he returns to it with a full-length book, by name "American English". It is a good book—shrewd, learned, painstaking, amusing. It is full of sly touches, wise little discussions, all the marks of complete and unfaltering competence. I believe that Mr. Tucker knows more about the American dialect than anyone else in the world, and what he knows he unloads easily and gracefully and without making horrible faces. Needless to say, he is not a professor of English. His actual profession, unless I err, is that of editor of an agricultural journal.

The first part of his volume is devoted to a gallant and devastating attack upon the professorial doctrine that English is degenerating in America—that there is something mysteriously immoral about the fact that, as year chases year, we speak and write the language less and less like the English. Well, he says, what if we do? Is there an ordinance of God against it? Or even a principle of philology or rule of taste? Nay, not so. As a matter of fact, American English is not only not inferior to British English, but, in more than one way, palpably and overwhelmingly its superior. It is more natural, more resilient, more hospitable to ideas, tremendously more vivid and brilliant. All the qualities that Dr. Robert Bridges and the Society for Pure English try to bring back into the English of London and Oxford—its Elizabethan picturesqueness of trope and phrase, its eager borrowing of dialectic novelties, its voracious appetite for loan-words, its disdain of all the snuffling imbecilities of grammarians—these qualities are the very hall-marks of the English of Chicago and New York.

What I refer to here, of course, is the spoken language—the everyday discourse of ordinarily educated folk—neither the jargon of intellectual snobs nor the gibberish of the vulgar. As phonology gobbles grammar, this spoken language takes on more and more importance; once more the dog begins to wag the tail. But even in the written forms American has certain salient superiorities over standard English. It is looser and more comfortable; it is livelier and more alert; its *clichés* are less ponderous and banal; above all, its spelling tends to be more logical. What could be more idiotic than the supernumerary *e* that the English attach to such words as *ax*, *annex*, and *form?* Why cling to *centre* when *center* is so much simpler and better? Why two *g's* in *wagon* and two *l's* in *traveler?* Why *kerb* in the face of *to curb?* Why *plough* for *plow?* Why *gaol* for *jail?* Even the *-our* ending, as Mr. Tucker

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shows, is illogical and nonsensical. If *honour* and *neighbour* are correct, then why do the English write *exterior, ancestor,* and *mirror?* The common notion that the *-our* is preserved for etymological reasons—to indicate loan-words from the French—is quite absurd. *Harbor* is not from the French, and yet the English put a *u* into it; *superior* comes direct from the French and yet they leave out the *u.* Moreover, the French ending is *-eur,* not *-our.* If it is moral to drop the *e,* then why cling to the *u?* The English themselves, in fact, begin to ask such questions. They already omit the *u* from many derivatives, e.g., *honorary, arboreal,* and *humorous.* Soon or late, they will have to go the whole hog—as, indeed, the London "Nation" has already gone. Twenty years hence, I daresay, the only guardians of the *-our* ending remaining in the world will be a few American Anglomaniacs.

In his discussion of this subject of spelling Mr. Tucker is particularly well informed and penetrating. He is full of sense, too, when he discusses idioms; one always gets the feeling that he exposes but half of his materials, that his store of knowledge is prodigious. But I have a notion that he sometimes goes aground when he tackles specific American words. Here, following Lounsbury, he tends to make his definition of Americanism too narrow. Why should he bar such a word as *moccasin* from his list on the ground that it is also used in England? So is *caucus,* but it is as surely an Americanism as *sky-scraper* or *joy-ride.* Again, it seems to me that he is too hostile to such compounds as *office-holder, fly-time,* and *parlor-car.* True enough, their materials are good English, but it must be plain that they were put together in the United States, and that the Englishman always sees a certain strangeness in them. So with such archaisms as *to guess.* It is idle to prove that Chaucer used *to guess.* The important thing is that the English abandoned it centuries ago, and that when they happen to use it today they are always conscious that it is an Americanism. *Baggage* is in Shakespeare, but it is not in the London "Times"; the "Times", save when it wants to be American, uses *luggage,* as do the fashionable shop-keepers along Fifth Avenue. Here Mr. Tucker allows his historical principles to run away with his judgment. Worse, he is sometimes recreant to them, and very disconcertingly. If *office-holder* is not an Americanism, then why is *apple-butter* one? And *back-country,* and *ash-cake,* and *congressman,* and *clingstone?* If *moccasin* is barred because the English have adopted it and have no other word for the object, then why are *creole, buffalo, hickory,* and *prairie-dog* admitted? If *drawing-room car* (does he mean *parlor-car?*) is omitted on the ground that "inventors have certainly the right to name their products, and if the English choose to call them something else, that change cannot make any sort of ism of the original appellation", then why admit *patent-outside?* This *patent-outside* is obviously a slip of the pen; the correct name is *patent-inside.* I note some other errors. *P.D.Q.* is defined as an abbreviation of "pretty *deuced* quick", which it certainly is not by a hell of a sight. *Passage* (of a bill in Congress) is listed as an Americanism; it is actually very good English, and is used in England every day. *Standee* is defined as "standing place"; it really means one who stands. *Sundae* (the soda-fountain mess) is misspelled *Sunday;* it was precisely the quaint spelling that gave the word

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vogue. *Mucker*, a brilliant Briticism, almost unknown in America, is listed between *movie* and *muckraker*.

But these are small errors; any collection of the same length would show as many. The value of the book is not appreciably diminished by them. Even the author's narrowness in the matter of his categories does not destroy the value of his inquiry, for he states his views clearly and so it is possible for those who dissent from them to allow for them. A capital bibliography crowns his five long and extremely interesting chapters. He has done a good job.

American English. By Gilbert M. Tucker. Alfred A. Knopf.

LORD BRYCE'S SURVEY OF DEMOCRACY

By Charles E. Merriam

THIS volume is the most notable survey of democracy yet made. Tocqueville, Maine, Lecky, Mallock, Ostrogorski, have portrayed certain features of the democratic system, but all of these are surpassed in depth and breadth of information by Bryce. The only recent discussion comparable to it, is that of Hassbach in his "Modern Democracy" (Die Moderne Demokratie, 1912), a keen criticism of the practical results of democratic institutions from the German point of view.

No writer so well equipped with the advantages of intellectual capacity, practical experience, and broad opportunity for observation, has ever written on modern democracy. Skilled in the Roman and the English law, widely acquainted with the results of historical research, gifted with rare powers of penetrating analysis and of lucid statement, possessing the practical canniness of the Aberdeen Scotch, Lord Bryce has added to these the practical experience of a statesman in a great state. A member of the British Parliament, one of the British Cabinet, Ambassador to the United States, he has enjoyed unusual opportunities for close observation of the political processes of modern states. In addition, he has journeyed to South America, Australia, Switzerland, and Canada, to say nothing of other countries, for the express purpose of studying the political and social institutions of these states. The work of this scholar and statesman, now in his eighty-third year, is therefore, as might be anticipated, a masterpiece of political inquiry, a monument of political prudence and sagacity.

His work also appears at an opportune time. The collapse of the hereditary governments of Europe, the rise of the many new republics, the enfranchisement of women, the appearance of syndicalism and sovietism, all combine to make the critical discussion of the characteristics and tendencies of modern democracy extremely useful. It is appropriately dedicated to a great student of English and American political institutions—President Lowell.

The discussion opens with a treatment of certain general considerations applicable to democracy, including the problems of liberty, equality, education, religion, the press, local government, traditions, public opinion, as related to democratic development. Then follows a description and characterization of six democracies: France, Switzerland, Canada, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand. In the description of these democracies the writer has followed the general outlines developed in his "American Commonwealth". In the concluding

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chapters (LVIII-LXXX), there is presented a critical examination and appraisal of the workings of modern democracy and a forecast of the broad tendencies of the democratic movement. The author terms the general method followed by him the "comparative". It involves a study of the fundamentals of human nature, as modified by the influences of race; of external conditions, such as climate and the occupations dependent on the physical resources of the country; with attention to the historical experience creating institutions that in turn shape national ideals.

It is impossible in the limits of a review of a work so filled with treasures of information, insight, and wisdom, to do more than direct attention to some of the most remarkable of the results. Among these are Bryce's grave discussion of the decline of representative bodies, his thoughtful consideration of the initiative and referendum, his analysis of the revival of executive power, his penetrating view of what he calls the "money power" in politics, and of the relation of labor to the democratic state, his portrayal of the influence of press and propaganda in modern times, and his treatment of the relation of backward races to democracy.

In his broad appraisal of the results achieved by democracy, he finds that the modern system has obtained (1) safety against external attack, (2) order within the community, (3) justice as between men, (4) assistance to citizens in trade and industry. The United States, he holds, has been weakest in the maintenance of order, securing of justice, and efficiency of administration. On the other hand, democracy has failed to develop brotherhood as between races and between classes, to evolve practical political capacity, to escape from the influence of the money power, to produce that general satisfaction and contentment anticipated by its early advocates. Offsetting advantages and disadvantages, both of which Bryce sets forth with unprecedented clearness, he concludes that on the whole, democratic government is superior to other forms. Individual liberty has a "better chance"; power is less insolent; the sense of civic duty and of civic sympathy is wider spread; government is more just and humane, not because of superior wisdom, but because of superior common purpose.

In reality, however, government will always be in the hands of the few. "Free government cannot but be, and has in reality always been an Oligarchy within a Democracy" (II,*550*). What then remains to the people? Three functions, namely; that of prescribing the ends of government, that of choosing their rulers, that of supervising and criticizing the government. The future of democracy is, however, by no means assured, as many assume. It is entirely possible that the love of liberty and democracy may decline and even disappear. The recent staggering catastrophe of the Great War shows us that after all the human race is only a few years removed from the level of the brute. In chastened mood we must go on, with faith and hope as the mainstays of the democratic movement.

The limitations of this remarkable work are found chiefly in its scope, in its method, and in the social and political environment of the author. The scope of the treatise is seriously restricted by the omission of Great Britain from the series of states discussed, especially in view of the author's own statement that it "is now, as far as respects its frame of government,

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more of a democracy than the United States" (II,*179*). If this is so, why should such a state be omitted in a scientific study? Lord Bryce's explanation regarding his own intimate connection with English public affairs is highly creditable to his modesty, but not equally so to his scientific judgment in this case. This omission is also a grave defect because the most significant developments of modern democracy are not those in Russia, but precisely in England, where the labor movement has a direct and practical significance, because of its strength, solidarity, and background of political experience; and because of the strongly developed urban and industrial character of the country.

It is also unfortunate that this great study omits specific discussion of the criticisms of democracy made by writers of the type of Lecky, Mallock, and Hassbach, as well as specific comparison with the institutions of competing systems. These omissions may of course be readily explained by the limitations of space in what is already a monumental work. But the advantage of their inclusion would have been very great.

The limitations of Lord Bryce's method of inquiry are also significant. He declares, it is true, that "human nature" or psychology is the basis of politics, and from time to time he makes use of this basis in his study. Yet it is probable that future studies of democracy and other forms of social and political control will follow a widely different technique, in which the methods of psychology, social psychology, political psychology, and the standardizing agencies of statistics will play a far larger part. An individual as well equipped as Lord Bryce may not soon or perhaps ever again arise, but groups of scientific observers will develop more objective tests and standards by which political and social processes may be measured, and competing types of control may be more definitely appraised. It is individual sagacity rather than science that shines resplendent in Lord Bryce's great survey.

Finally, Lord Bryce's summary and forecast of democracy, in spite of its amazing breadth of accurate observation and its keenness of perception and appreciation, still savors of the cultured Liberalism of the nineteenth century when civil and political liberty were expected to close the cycle of human progress. In the presence of the modern tendency toward social and industrial democracy, he is less cordial, more reticent and timid. He is by no means unaware of the social and economic implications of democracy, for he says: "Democracy has no more persistent or insidious foe than the money power, to which it may say, as Dante said, when he reached in his journey through hell, the dwelling of the God of Riches; Here we found wealth, the great enemy." And he has sharply called attention to the failure of democracy to cope with plutocratic influences. He has also discussed the class war, the general strike, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the communistic state, in striking fashion, pointing out great perils along this way.

It was none other than Lord Bryce who characterized Dante's "De Monarchia", the classic defense of the Holy Roman Empire, as "an epitaph, not a prophecy". In reading these volumes one feels at times as if Lord Bryce almost anticipated that this phrase might sometime be applied to his own study of the older Liberalism. Would not a deeper insight and a firmer faith have shown him that de-

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mocracy has nothing to fear from the broadening of the democratic spirit into other walks and ways of life than the strictly legalistic and political? Surely history does not show that the widening of the narrow circle of democracy beyond the few larger landholders whose heritage it first was, has lowered the quality or the character of democracy. Nor does social or political psychology point to any greater dangers in democratization of the process of social control.

On the whole, Lord Bryce's description and analysis of modern democracy stands as one of the great treatises on politics. No student of government will leave it long unread, and we may safely predict that future generations will view it as one of the great landmarks in the progress of systems of political control. It reflects the political philosophy of a great people, the sagacity of the Scotch, the *savoir-faire* of the English. It rationalizes the political prudence of the parent branch of the English-speaking peoples.

Modern Democracies. By James Bryce. Two volumes. The Macmillan Co.

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE TRIVIAL

By Wilson Follett

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL appears to have achieved enviably pleasant and stable relations with enviably many readers. "The Hall and the Grange" is the sixteenth of his books to be published in America; of the others, all but two or three are tolerably well known; the latest is likely to be found as acceptable as any; most readers who know one of the sixteen seem to know several, and many readers know most, or all. In short, Mr. Marshall is an indubitable success, like a certain substitute for coffee.

Just what does this success prove? It proves, obviously, nothing much about Mr. Marshall, except that he can be relied upon not to change with the years, not to experiment, conspicuously grow, or otherwise disconcert his following. Primarily, his success is a tremendous demonstration of the necessity of novels, as the success of the above-mentioned product is of the necessity of coffee. The brew of the bean is indispensable even to those who cannot drink it—whence the substitute coffee. Novels are indispensable nowadays even to those who cannot read them—whence Mr. Marshall. To his popularity we owe the discovery that imaginations liable to literary overexcitation are as common in our hustling society as are overexcitable nerves. He is soothing, therapeutic, a benison to insomniacs. To read him is to be at one with Colonel Eldridge in the opening sentence of "The Hall and the Grange", "enjoying an afternoon doze, or a series of dozes, in the Sabbath peace of his garden". Mr. Marshall enables you to enjoy the sensation of doing something accredited and respectable, something that accredited and respectable judges have sanctioned, together with absolute, guaranteed immunity from whatever could challenge, arrest, disturb, startle, provoke, or thrill. He is correct sentiment unembarrassed by reflection or emotion, drama without struggle, art wholly emancipated from the service of beauty; he is the salt without the savor. To read him is an approximation, the most perfect as yet devised, to doing nothing at all, plus the ideal advantage of doing it with an easy conscience. What seems astonishing is the revelation that a prodi-

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gious number of our fellow men, of a nervous equilibrium too delicate, too easily upset, to endure even the very moderate emotional and intellectual exactions of the modern realistic novel, are nevertheless so dependent on the novel as to provide a flourishing market for the denatured substitute. This must be the explanation of Mr. Marshall: he is, to great and growing numbers, a moral equivalent of fiction!

In a period less notable for the apathetic use or complete abeyance of the critical faculty, it would be instantly perceived that Mr. Marshall is most damned by the very terms in which alone it is possible to defend him. What hear we urged, to right and left, as the reasons for liking him? Why, his tranquillity and propriety and gentility; his utter indifference to the problems and afflictions which enter into most lives; his aloofness from all the great miseries and mysteries and ironies of existence; his contentment with tame ambitions, mild desires, tepid loves, blanched humor; his sunny optimism; his unawareness of the whole world of vain hopes, frustrate dreams, tragic unfulfilments; his wholesome naturalness; his leisureliness and sanity and good breeding—in one all-inclusive word, his pertinacious dulness. Where in his five thousand pages shall you look for a single moment of authentic splendor, a single passage in which some vestige of the inalienable dignity of the human spirit finds noble utterance, a single act which requires fine and straight-thinking courage in him who performs it, or even a single word fitly and featly spoken—the word, crowned with the magic of style, which is forever memorable like apples of gold in pictures of silver? His work is devoid of all such qualifications; so much is implicit in the tributes of those whose tributes are most lavish. His circulation, by long surviving such praises without impairment, has proved that it can survive anything. He is our most conspicuous example of the writer who has prospered by his friends' bold advertisement of his limitations.

Of those limitations, "The Hall and the Grange" is an uncommonly neat and definitive embodiment. It contains less obviously bad writing than most of its predecessors; its subject is a more condensed and specific material issue, and the narrative process is better focused on the issue. The nucleus of the book is a disagreement, which gradually augments to a quarrel, between two brothers, Colonel Edmund Eldridge, the Squire of Hayslope, and Sir William Eldridge of Hayslope Grange. Edmund, the elder, finds himself impoverished by the war, in common with many others of the landed gentry; William, who is in commerce, is substantially enriched. The Grange is expanded and elaborated until it dwarfs the Hall. In its process of expansion, it threatens to absorb a four-acre field called Barton's Close, which Sir William has a notion of landscaping as an addition to his already extensive gardens. Edmund resists, on the principle that it is a poor time to be destroying useful land. The disagreement is on; both brothers say a little more than they mean; misunderstandings accumulate faster than they can be explained away; and presently there is a full-fledged quarrel between the brothers and estrangement between the families—all over an issue to which neither brother has ever attached any fundamental importance. The two remain apart, obstinately nursing their grievances; and it is only beside Edmund's deathbed

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that their former mutuality of understanding is renewed. On the same occasion Norman, Sir William's son, suddenly discovers (what was obvious enough to the reader from the beginning) that he is in love with his cousin Pamela, Edmund's daughter; so that the future of Hayslope is settled to the liking of everybody. On all of which, the appropriate comment would seem to be this passage from Edwin Muir:

> To rouse our anxiety lest Herbert lose five pounds, or Mabel find it impossible to get a new dress, this is art, this is modern art! But to feel anxiety about such things is ignoble; and to live in a sordid atmosphere, even if it be of a book, is the part of a slave.... How is Art, which should make Man free, here transformed into a potent means for enslaving him!

All of Mr. Marshall's contacts with existence are contacts with just those realities which, in their unbearable cumulative effect, cause the really humane soul to wonder whether life can be, after all, worth the living. Mr. Marshall writes of persons who do not have it in their makeup to doubt the sufficiency of this pettifogging materialism. He writes *for* such persons, too. The response to what he offers is a recognition of kinship. It flatters us to discover that the best county families are as blind earthworms as we ourselves, and that the trivial banalities which we allow to become the importances of our daily living are important to them as well. Mr. Marshall dramatizes—not in his own intention or in his books, but in the reactions of the readers who accept him—the blind tragedy of modern life, which is that we palliate, submit to, and end by actually liking the tyranny of mean actualities and meaner aspirations.

Yet, cursed as life is with this tyranny so alien to art, how small a fraction of life is expressible in such terms! What a thing is life, and what an enigma, even on the merest realistic grounds! It is precisely a sense of life that Mr. Marshall lacks. One protests, not against the inherent triviality of his themes, but against his illusion that they are important, that they are central to the universe, that nothing else exists. Hardy could write about the loves of a milkmaid in such a way as to imply his awareness of the stellar universe, of cycles of time before and the obliterating surge of centuries after, of world-old hopes, doubts, fears, illusions, of man's eternal struggle with that phase of his own nature which Mr. Howells used to summarize as "the goat and the monkey", and of the hopeful-doubtful issue from that struggle of man the disciplined spirit. No one insists that the authentic artist must choose his material from among the tragic stresses, the heroic ardors, of life; but we do contend, and unanswerably, that his chosen spectacle, however insignificant in itself, must form part of the great, the real world of sublimity and agony, beauty and despair. When Mr. Marshall constructs for himself a world in which the topmost pinnacle of all imaginable human triumph is scaled when a snobbish and flippant boy finds himself in love with the one girl whose marriage to him will conserve a property interest important to her dying father, one despairs of the words to express the sheer magnificence of such complacency. At least, one can remark, a little helplessly, that the stock comparison of this novelist to Trollope would seem to create market-room for a capital essay in vindication of Trollope.

But the best words ever written about Mr. Marshall were written some time before Mr. Marshall was ever heard of. They are these:

> It is to him of widest knowledge, of deepest feeling, of sharpest observation and insight,

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that life is most crowded with figures of heroic stature, with spirits of dream, with demons of the pit, with graves that yawn in pathways leading to the light, with existences not of earth, both malign and benign—ministers of grace and ministers of doom. The truest eye is that which discerns the shadow and the portent, the dead hands reaching, the light that is the heart of the darkness, the sky "with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms"... In short, he to whom life is not picturesque, enchanting, astonishing, terrible, is denied the gift and faculty divine, and being no poet can write no prose.

The Hall and the Grange. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead and Co.

EXCURSIONS WITH MR. HACKETT

By Alexander Woollcott

EVERYONE has his pet editor of "The New Republic" and mine happens to be Walter Lippmann, but I have enjoyed the weekly output of Francis Hackett and have always paused to read any broadside or review with the F. H. initials at the bottom. Indeed, I would second his nomination as the man to be commissioned to write a real "Our America". Certainly that would have to be written by one who, like Hackett, was an immigrant, by one, that is, whose own story reproduced in little the epic of this country. Hackett is no Henry Adams, born with his name on the waiting list of Olympus. He has not only seen America from without, in something of the perspective that an aviator gets, but he has also seen America from underneath. He has had a worm's eye view of us. Then he has a nice, dry, little humor, a thirst for truth, and a social sympathy that has no lorgnette nonsense about it.

Yet this new book of his, a collection of miscellaneous reprints, is disappointingly unsubstantial, negligible, and, in vitality, subnormal. It is difficult to know or say why.

Perhaps closing the ranks in the once intervalled file of articles emphasizes the fact that they are so largely made up of negations — negations sometimes so welcome that, at first glance, they look like the whole truth. As when Mr. Hackett, rejoicing in Lytton Strachey's indifference to mere decorum, recalls that Samuel Butler was as remarkable a Victorian and glorifies him for doing something which, as it happens, both Dickens and Jane Austen had not hesitated to do.

In the midst of innumerable edifying figures, he [Butler] declined to edify. When the people said to him: "Honor thy father and thy mother", he answered in effect that his father was a pinhead theologian who had wanted to cripple his mentality, and his mother was, to use his own phrase, full of the seven deadly virtues. This was not decorous *but it had the merit of being true.* And all the people whose unbidden censors had been forcing good round impulses into stubborn parental polygons immediately felt the relief of this revelation. Not all of them confess it. When they have occasion to speak or write about "mothers"—as if the biological act of parturition brings with it an unquestionable "mother" psyche—most of them still allow the invisible censor to govern them and represent them as having feelings not really their own.

All of which, it seems to me, presents Mr. Hackett in a characteristic pose—that of falling over backward. It is always a little trying when some fellow traveler on the road to truth gets off at an attractive waystation, announces comfortably: "Well, here we are", and then throws pebbles of scorn at the dissatisfied companions who persist in staying hopefully on the train.

Perhaps it was his naming his book with a phrase from his tribute to Strachey—his salute to one who writes always in cheerful disregard of the invisible censor—that unconsciously and unintentionally set a higher standard, or at least aroused a higher expec-

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tation, for Hackett's own work than that work could meet. After all, Strachey gets under the skin of men and women but Hackett, while as little impressed with the buncombe of Upton Sinclair as with the buncombe of Nicholas Murray Butler, does not progress beyond his fascinated contemplation of the pimples on the face of contemporary humanity.

It is fine surfacial reporting he does with the Billy Sunday congregation which he describes thus:

> It is, if the phrase is permitted, conspicuously a *middle-class* crowd. It is the crowd that wears Cluett-Peabody collars, that reads the Ladies' Home Journal and the Saturday Evening Post. It is the crowd for whom the nickel was especially coined, the nickel that pays carfare, that fits in a telephone slot, that buys a cup of coffee or a piece of pie, that purchases a shoe-shine, that pays for a soda, that gets a stick of Hershey's chocolate, that made Woolworth a millionaire, that is spent for chewing-gum or for a glass of beer. In that crowd are men and women from every sect and every *political party, ranging in color from the* pink of the factory superintendent's bald head to the ebony of the discreetly dressed negro laundress. A small proportion of professional men and a small proportion of ragged labor is to be discerned, but the general tone is simple, common-sense, practical, domestic America. Numbers of young girls who might equally well be at the movies are to be seen, raw-boned boys not long from the country, angular home-keeping virgins of the sort that belong to sewing circles, neat young men who suggest the Y. M. C. A., *iron-gray mothers who recall the* numbered side-streets in Harlem or Brooklyn or Chicago West Side and who bring to mind asthma and the price of eggs, self-conscious young clerks who are half curious and partly starved for emotion, men over forty with prominent Adam's apple and the thin, strained look of lives fairly careworn and dutiful, citizens of the kind that with all their heterogeneousness give to a jury its oddly characteristic effect, fattish men who might be small shopkeepers with a single employee, the single employee himself, the pretty girl who thinks the Rev. Mr. Rhodeheaver so handsome, the prosaic girl whose chief perception is that Mr. Sunday is so hoarse, the nervously facetious youths who won't be swayed, the sedentary "providers" who cannot open their ears without dropping their jaws. A collection of decidedly stable, normal, and one may crudely say "average" mortals, some of them destined to catch religion, more of them destined to catch an impression, and a few of them, sitting near the entrances, destined resentfully to catch a cold....And various factory superintendents and employers mingle benignly around, *glad of a religion that puts on an aching social* system such a hot mustard plaster.

All of which is Hackett at his best and the whole piece is in this vein. But it IS surface reporting about a phenomenon of the great American innards and Billy Sunday still has his secret.

Maybe, after all, this chafing at Hackett comes from reading at one gulp a tight, little, pemmican style unsuited to anything but the brief excursions of "The New Republic's" columns. You feel at the end a little of the fatigue that is yours after a long walk alongside one who takes every step cautiously. Hackett never breaks into an easy, swinging stride, and when, as occasionally happens, he does kick up his heels, it is in the slightly effortful manner of poor Pip trying to obey Miss Havisham's injunction: "Play, boy." A vision of a decorous and an autumnal lady determined to smoke a cigarette in public and trying to do it casually is what is conjured up when one of Mr. Hackett's prim pages is conscientiously broken by the eruption of such a word as *fornication.*

The Invisible Censor. By Francis Hackett. B. W. Huebsch.

A TENNIS "WHO'S WHO"

By Dean Mathey

WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2nd, has clearly earned the title of present tennis champion of the world. His "The Art of Lawn Tennis" was written in England last year while he was taking part in the Davis Cup Matches and the "World's Championship" at Wimbledon. Some months ago the book made its appearance in England,

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where it was very favorably commented upon; its publication in America has been awaited by tennis fans here with no little interest.

The author writes very much the way he plays tennis. On the court Tilden is severe, brilliant, and self-conscious, so as a writer he is categorical, epigrammatical, and personal. He has wisely devoted but a minor part of his book to "fundamentals", and in the main engagingly rambles on about less technical but more interesting phases of the sport such as Psychology of Tennis, Match Play, Physical Fitness, The Growth of the Game, and Tennis Organization in America. Personal experiences and anecdotes of the world's leading players are also recounted. For instance, on the much mooted question of how good were the Dohertys, he quotes Brookes (whom he regards as the master mind in lawn tennis) as having told him at Forest Hills last year that in his opinion American tennis had improved "fifteen" in the last ten years, and that the leading players of today were the superiors of the Larneds, Dohertys, and Pims of the past. In his enthusiasm for the development of tennis, Tilden even undertakes the rather large contract of prophesying the future of the game up to the year 1950. Incidentally, he gives Japan an important position among the tennis-playing nations of the future.

The author closes his book with a discussion of Some Side Lights on Famous Players, the material for which he has gleaned from personal contact with them in this country or upon foreign courts. These chapters afford the most up-to-date tennis "Who's Who" available. In commenting upon Mlle. Lenglen he states emphatically that she is the greatest drawing card in the tennis world today; but in speaking of her game he displays unaccustomed tact by committing himself only so far as to say that she is "probably the best woman tennis player in the world". On the whole, the book is the most interesting and up-to-date tennis reading material available.

The Art of Lawn Tennis. By William T. Tilden, 2nd. George H. Doran Company.

CENTRAL EUROPE DIAGNOSED

By Sidney Williams

GOOD reporters are rare. They must be able to extract the essence of a situation, and vivify it to the stranger. That can be done, with miraculous exceptions, only by observers trained in the exacting school of journalism. Despite much persiflage, accuracy is the first requisite of the journalist's profession. A cub reporter allowing himself the latitude of imagination habitually exercised by United States Senators in debate, would be discharged at the end of his first week. Newspaper men who attain the post of field correspondent have learned to turn all happenings into human terms, the while remembering they are custodians of fact.... The foregoing is preliminary to announcement that Kenneth L. Roberts's roving diagnosis of "Europe's Morning After" is a racily informing study of conditions in Italy and Central Europe, up to the summer of 1920. And what was true then is substantially true now.

Humorously, but none the less earnestly, Mr. Roberts advances reasons for his belief that present-day Central Europe is

> merely an extension of the Balkan States, carefully primed and pointed toward a long and

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complicated series of wars and revolutions, and governmental crises. As a hotbed for riots, shooting affrays, and general cussedness,—say diplomats, soldiers, and travelers, Central America has at last been outdone. Compared to the Central Europe of to-day, Central America isn't in it.

The principal product of the Balkan States and Central Europe in general, Mr. Roberts assures us, is hate. "Some people talk loosely about an organization which shall be known as the Danube Federation; but such an organization, I believe, might more expressively be termed the United Hates of Central Europe." If one were required to pick a leader in this competitive discord, he might name the Czechs and Germans in a tie for first place. The Poles would win but for their peerless supply of patriotism. "If patriotism were edible", says Mr. Roberts, "the Poles could eat a square meal every half-hour, instead of standing in line eight hours for a loaf of bread, and then finding out, as they often do, that there isn't any bread."

The hungriest peoples Mr. Roberts found were the Austrians and Poles. And his reportorial instinct was strong enough to send him into the highways and byways, distressing as they were to eyes, nose, and ear. When he left Warsaw a 10,000-marks income was equivalent to about $85 in American money. And better paid Polish mechanics received from twenty to forty marks a day. The Polish capital had 100,000 more people than before the war. And less than five per cent of them got one square meal a day. Except the children, who were fed once a day by the American Relief, hardly anybody had eaten a square meal for years. The majority kept alive on black bread and decayed fruit and vegetables.

Austria, now a little country, impressed Mr. Roberts as holding about as much misery to the square inch as any nation ever held. "A nation that is nothing but an unnatural boundary line surrounding a mass of land insufficiently large to feed its people, and without sufficient industries to support them." Vienna,—a dying city, a city of abject despair. The people starve, but they do not rise in rage. They still deserve their reputation, in black despair, as the most amiable of Europeans.

Mr. Roberts writes of many things. Of the Magyar's quenchless longing for kings—any king; of the Bohemian's fierce passion for caraway seeds; of the comical "State" of Russiania established in the Carpathians by a gracious gesture of President Wilson, with Gregory Satkovich, not long since a practising member of the Pittsburgh bar, as its first ruler. Mr. Roberts asked President Satkovich on what plan the Russian constitution would be modeled. "Pennsylvania, I suppose," said he. "It's the only one I know anything about; but it's so dog-gone rotten that I hate to use it for a model."

"Europe's Morning After" is a prolonged "hangover". Mr. Roberts furnishes good evidence that unless more enlightened remedies are applied, some members of the family may not recover.

Europe's Morning After. By Kenneth L. Roberts. Harper and Bros.

PENOLOGY FOR THE LAYMAN

By George W. Alger

THIS is a new edition of a valuable book. The first edition, published in 1917, was favorably received and its solid merits widely recognized; the

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new edition is necessitated by the many experiments in organization and discipline of a prison character made during the war as well as by other recent advances in prison management.

Mr. Lewis is the head of the prison system of New Jersey. Before he took his present position, he was Commissioner of Correction in New York under Mayor Mitchel. Prison reform has been slow in America, largely because prison administration has lacked this type of official: intelligent, progressive, and sufficiently long in office to devise and execute constructive administrative reforms. The average superintendent of prisons in the average American state is a temporary political appointee, to whom can well be applied the words of Job: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle and spent without hope."

Penology is not necessarily a dull subject. A far wider knowledge of its problems and its programs is desirable, and Mr. Lewis makes such knowledge possible. The chapters on Probation and Parole, The Indeterminate Sentence, The Clearing House and Classification of the Offender, are particularly illuminative. More technical chapters on what may be called the pedagogy of institutional procedure, prison layouts and plans, are made interesting by abundant illustrative material.

Those who know of the frightful and indecent condition under which women awaiting trial or hearing are now confined in the old Jefferson Market Police Court building in New York, recently so vigorously condemned by the State Prison Commission, will have a shock of surprise at the illustration which Mr. Lewis has had the grim humor to print in his chapter on Institutional Organization and Treatment. This illustration he calls "Prospectus of Detention Home for Women, New York City". It certainly is a beautiful building, but alas, it still remains a thing of paper only!

Mr. Lewis's book is a book of wide personal experience. It contains in compact and readable form the matters most important to be known and understood by those who are interested in the modern ways of dealing with crime and punishment. These problems deserve and require a much broader understanding by an informed public opinion. The book is a substantial contribution to this desirable end.

The Offender. By Burdette G. Lewis. Harper and Bros.

TYPHOON

By Amelia Josephine Burr

WE shall not shiver as we vainly try
To stir cold ashes once again to fire,
Nor bury a dead passion, you and I.
The wind that weds a moment sea and sky
In one exultant storm and passes by,
Was our desire.

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BRIEF REVIEWS OF RECENT BOOKS

It is not improper to begin to know a book by way of the preface, and Anatole Le Braz has written one for "The Spell of Brittany" by Ange M. Mosher (Duffield) which is not only a comprehensive initiation into Brittany but a most charming introduction to Mrs. Mosher. This lady, using the second period of leisure that comes to most women, journeyed for many years through Brittany's highways and byways, learning its shrines, its folk lore and its literature, till the Bretons, out of the fulness of their hearts, came to call her "the Bretonne across the sea". Of her intimate knowledge "The Spell of Brittany" is a careful and faithful record.

It is in people that Mrs. Mosher's interest is keenest—of places she gives a conscientious but slightly rigid account—and many, Bretons by birth or adoption, live again in her pages: Du Guesclin, emerging from a stormy, riotous boyhood, to become "the father of his country"; Anne, last Duchess of Brittany and twice Queen of France; Chateaubriand; Felix de Lamennais, unhappily born a century before his time; and Ernest Renan, turning back from his place with the scholars of the College of France, homesick for the Cathedral of Tréguier and the scenes of his Breton childhood. Madame de Sévigné wanders in her Le Nôtre gardens at Les Rochers, and writes to her daughter under the new avenues of trees she has just planted, and Robert Browning finds solitude and the legend of Hervé Riel at Le Croisic after the death of his wife.

It is a country where "the dead live intimately with the living". "La mer, l'amour, la mort"—thus has Brittany been characterized. It is but a short step from the sea where the fishermen, after the ceremony of the blessing of the boats, set sail for their long voyage, singing the Hymn of Mary, Star of the Sea, to the church where the women pray for the souls of their dead. Every town has its saint—Brittany numbers its saints by hundreds—and its legend. And so deep-rooted are certain rites and superstitions of definite Druid origin, that Christianity, failing to eradicate them, has come at last to countenance and to participate in them! Brittany is the land of calvaries and pardons, of legends and ambulant singers. Perhaps the happiest picture in Mrs. Mosher's book is that of the poor Breton peasant whom she knew well, Marc'harit Phulup, a cripple and a beggar but an honored singer of songs, on whose grave has been placed a stone with the words, in Breton, "Je n'ai fait qu'une chose ici bas—j'ai chanté."

To pass from the raucous dissonance of much of contemporary verse to the finished music of "The Phantom Caravan" (Bookfellows) is like turning from the jangling of locomotive bells to the plaintive singing of a violin. For the distinguishing characteristic of Kendall Banning's poems is their singing quality. Fanciful, occasionally meditative, always beautiful, they combine an almost feminine grace with a masculine impetuousness and power. The themes are for the most part the conventional ones of love and death, but they are handled from an individual point of view that lends

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them vitality and distinctiveness. The book leaves the reader with but one regret—that there isn't more of it.

For permanent fare shall one have war on the bourgeoisie, smocks, and picnicking on Parnassus, with the piper to pay—or the excitement of marrying a conservative in the legal profession? In "The Husband Test" by Mary Carolyn Davies (Penn) a young lady from Riverside Drive makes her choice, having rather airily experienced both.

"Many people write their romances, others live them; Honoré de Balzac did both."

Thus neatly does Juanita Helm Floyd characterize the colorful, complicated, stormy existence of the immortal creator of the Comédie Humaine. To understand that existence is to understand the women of Balzac's acquaintance. Absolutely no phase of his life was untouched by feminine influence. As Miss Floyd points out, women were not only the source of Balzac's inspiration, but in some cases his actual literary advisers and collaborators.

"Women in the Life of Balzac" (Holt) is, therefore, far more than a gossipy rehearsal of sentimental entanglements. It is at once an interpretation and a defense, stamped with the approval of Madame de Balzac's niece, Princess Radziwill. Balzac's "grand and beautiful soul drama" rightly dominates the book. This romantic attachment for the aristocratic Polish Madame Hanska, culminating in marriage only after a postponement of seventeen years, will always remain one of the great loves of literature.

A refreshingly human picture this—of Balzac the coxcomb, the snob, the "man-child", as well as of Balzac the genius and artist.

"My Son" (Doran) is a continuation of "A Circuit Rider's Wife". The wife is now a widow with worldly dreams for her son. But he decides on the ministry and so once more the narrator of the story reverts to life in the Methodist itinerancy.

Problems confronting the mother of a Methodist preacher do not sound gripping nor even interesting. But the heroine of Corra Harris's novel has made them so with her sense of humor, her shrewd, witty observations, her illuminating intuitiveness.

A rather lyrical discussion of the Japanese artist Hiroshige's life and work by Yone Noguchi, leaves us in a bewildered state of wishing that something more coherent had been prepared to accompany this beautiful book; for it is one of the most decorative little volumes we have seen in many a month. Printed in Japan, with delicately reproduced Japanese prints, both in color and black and white, cased in blue with ivory clips, "Hiroshige" (Orientalia) is a book which will add grace to any library table, even though Mr. Noguchi does not always control his outpouring of adjectival phrases and finds great joy in continual references to Arthur Davison Ficke.

An adventure story without a love-interest! "The Golden Parrot" (Houghton Mifflin) by Frederick A. Fenger is the story of a search for buried treasure. Written with a knowledge of the sea, and colored by a certain atmosphere of the Massachusetts coast, this simple and never very moving story of quiet thrills,

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has the unusual charm of seeming possible. Boys should like it.

"Wolves, foxes, lynx, bear, wildcats, sables, martens, squirrels, and marmots are brought in by the thousands" —says Roy Chapman Andrews in "Across Mongolian Plains" (Appleton); and of his book, this seems also true. It is a story of automobiling in the Gobi desert, of gazelles shot from the car, of hunting this and of hunting that. The sportsman should be fascinated to know just how fast a gazelle really does run; in fact the book is, primarily, for the man who likes his gun. It fails to be completely successful as a travel narrative because of its curious lack of atmosphere.

"Emerson—How to Know Him" by Samuel McChord Crothers (Bobbs-Merrill) not only supplies valuable commentary but gives also an interesting personality sketch. Dr. Crothers has pictured Emerson as a very human man who somehow does not know how to get in close touch with humanity; a lonely philosopher, who loves the heights and yet has not discovered how to walk on the plains; a teacher of the type of Socrates, whose interest is in discursive rather than systematic learning, in unhampered and uncoordinated thinking rather than in an academic crystallization of ideas. This interpretation of Emerson's life is instructive, although fragmentary; and Dr. Crothers's critical comments and condensation of Emerson's writings should provide a serviceable guide.

But a moderate poetic talent is evidenced in the collected poems of Corinne Roosevelt Robinson (Scribner). Though usually well wrought technically, the verse does not impress one as being of the stuff of which real poetry is made: it is too commonplace both in theme and in expression; it is pervaded with a triteness not only of words but of ideas, so that for the most part it seems to attempt only what others have far more successfully accomplished. Here and there stands forth a poem of an impressiveness that contrasts strikingly with the author's work as a whole, but her occasional approach to the heights is not sufficient to atone for her usual adherence to the level and monotonous plain.

For those who contemplate entering a lucrative field, "Essentials of Advertising" by Frank Leroy Blanchard (McGraw-Hill) is the necessary groundwork. Meaty, illustrated, and reliable. Correction: the date of the first English newspaper is given as 1622, the founding of the "Weekly Newes". Research on the part of Professor J. Melvin Lee of New York University has unveiled 1620 as the year of the first courant, as papers were then called.

"In "A Case in Camera" (Macmillan) we have the mystery story, replete with the usual paraphernalia of inexplicable events that await the concluding chapter for their solution. A murder is committed under the most unusual circumstances; apparently an accident, it is really the deliberate slaying of a man by a friend; and out of it arise numerous complications that are not unraveled until the final scene. Oliver Onions tells his story convincingly; he musters his army of facts so as to create and maintain suspense; he makes the explanation ingenuous as well as comparatively simple; and he holds the attention of the reader till the end.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in April in the public libraries in the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
4.	Jacob's Ladder	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
5.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
6.	Potterism	*Rose Macaulay*	BONI

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
3.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
4.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
5.	Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF
6.	Miss Lulu Bett	*Zona Gale*	APPLETON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
3.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
4.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
5.	Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF
6.	Miss Lulu Bett	*Zona Gale*	APPLETON

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
3.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	The Top of the World	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
5.	Potterism	*Rose Macaulay*	BONI
6.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES

WESTERN STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	Potterism	*Rose Macaulay*	BONI
3.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
5.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
6.	This Side of Paradise	*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	SCRIBNER

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
3.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
5.	Potterism	*Rose Macaulay*	BONI
6.	Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
2.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
3.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
4.	Crowding Memories	*Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	HOUGHTON
5.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON
6.	Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
2.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
3.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
4.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
5.	Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
6.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
3.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON
4.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
5.	Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
6.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
2.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
3.	Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
4.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON
5.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
6.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER

WESTERN STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
3.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4.	The Brass Check	*Upton Sinclair*	SINCLAIR
5.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
3.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
4.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON
5.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
6.	Crowding Memories	*Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	HOUGHTON

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

The Netherlands

HOLLAND has an old and rich literature. Joost van den Vondel, "The Dutch Shakespeare" and one of the most illustrious of European writers, was a contemporary of Milton. But Herman Robbers, "the writer of a brilliant series of novels descriptive of Hollandish family life", contributes an uncommonly informative article to the March number of the "Revue de Genève" on the literature of Holland since 1880 by way of showing, in large part, why it would have been suicidal for Holland to enter the war, why the Belgians should admire rather than despise the Dutch, and why, in general, Dutch literature has a world message.

Seven years ago, it would never have occurred to Robbers to write an article on this subject; but it is timely now, for with the banner of internationalism hoisted everywhere, from the seat of the League of Nations in Geneva to the World Bicycle Championship Race in Copenhagen, poets—who after all are the guardians of patriotism—see that it is a case of *chacun à soi* or *sauve qui peut,* and they prefer the former. They evidently feel that if their countries are to participate in the international game they must do so with pride. Let this spirit continue, and in a few years the student of comparative literature will have to pay as much attention to Dutch as he has paid heretofore to, say, Italian—provided the Dutch are adequately gifted.

Nor is it in theory alone that the Dutch are calling attention to themselves. Augusta de Wit has published another series of five sketches on the Dutch East Indies, the first of which is entitled "De drie Vrouwen in het Heilige Woud" (The Three Women in the Sacred Wood). It is hardly by chance that this first story, which gives the title to the collection, has to do with a resurrection. That the plots of these sketches are laid in Holland's overseas possessions is not fortuitous, either. Louis Couperus has to be sure done the same before, but Holland's writers are manifestly planning to show that their country consists of a vast deal more than what is washed by the Scheldt.

Louis Carbin on the other hand takes us back to Holland proper in his new novel entitled "De Verlief de Passagier" (The Amorous Passenger), but by a nationalist route. His work is a collection of letters of travel which had been sent to a Dutch East-Indian journal. It rambles and philosophizes, apparently to the displeasure of the Dutch, but let Herman Robbers have his way and it will be necessary to include it in a *complete* study of the novel in letter form, along with Richardson's "Pamela" and "Clarissa", Goethe's "The Sufferings of Werther", and many other works aside from those written in French, English, German, and Russian.

The new nations are determined that their literatures shall be felt. The old ones are equally determined that they shall not be superannuated as a result of the aggressive diligence of these new fellows. Given sufficient genius—and a whole lot of talent—and students of comparative literature will

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henceforth have to box the compass where they formerly confined their attention to the four cardinal points.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

France

HERE is a case of love at first sight. And those who do not believe in such accidents should read "U.S.A.", of which an English translation will certainly be published. This short and lively book was written by Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, after a visit to "these United States". It gives the quick, intelligent, and optimistic reaction of a French mind of today, highly cultivated and still strangely spontaneous and new before new things.

Is the book accurate because it is sympathetic? Or is it sympathetic because the author is clearsighted and unprejudiced, and an unprejudiced view of America must carry a deep adhesion and a sincere love? This traveler's attitude is not one of distrust nor of mockery, and on the other hand she is not, as many were before, naively astounded by numbers, by the size of buildings, the millions of passengers in the subway, and such facts. She knows that neither the highest mountain is to be found in the States, nor the tallest building erected by man, nor the longest river, nor the largest population, nor the best percentage of literacy, nor the strongest army, nor the oldest monument, nor the youngest constitution. America's greatness and her appeal must come from something else, and the author detects that something with a remarkable keenness of insight.

She goes straight to the spirit which is underlying the facts; she evokes the deep-rooted motive, and when it is possible, the soul that lives under the motive. The malevolent say that the soul is absent from this material wealth and agitation. It is not true. The American soul is only hiding and ill formulated. And that is just what good foreign observers can do: reveal America to the Americans, who are conscious only of her outward physiognomy. It is a rather amusing fact that visitors are much less impressed than Americans themselves by the number of trains that daily enter and leave Chicago, by the total amount of tin cans opened in New York City in the last ten years, and the like. Visitors are right. If you want to give a *true* account of American grandeur, don't stop at figures; they are misleading. "U.S.A." mentions five million automobiles in this country, which was true two years ago. Today there are ten million—a figure that will seem poor in a few years. The "matter of fact" statement loses its value, while the psychological remarks remain true.

It is to the great merit of Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre that she did not even dwell upon those less brutal but just as commonplace observations concerning the American character. The extraordinary youthfulness, generosity, courage in all its forms, that Americans are always ready to display; their understanding of nature untouched, and respect for it; their supreme adaptation to public life ("America is the country where you are always in public"), their standardization of moral and intellectual values, their sense of mutual help and of collective organization; their readiness to experiment and always have action precede and provoke thought rather than follow it—all these characteristics, which are obvious to the foreigner, are suggested here without being insisted upon.

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Compared to Americans, Europeans seem highly individualized, capable of quicker generalization and of less concrete realizations. It seems that in Europe, theory is a vast realm by itself, a vivid nebula from which a few accidental fragments condense and materialize into action and practice; while America is conceiving just that amount of theory that is necessary to coordinate practice. Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre sees all that, but she is not satisfied with these first-glance observations.

In her thousand recordings of the little details of practical life, she always transcends the mere mention of facts. Sometimes it *looks* as if the fact was there alone—but if you read the book with the same insight that the book manifests toward its subject, you will find that there is a hidden conclusion, a veiled opinion in the very choice of instances, in the abrupt way of passing from one point to another. . . .Nothing is more typical of this than the playful way she tells of American movie plots. A whole indulgent criticism of the American attitude toward amusement is to be found there.

We know of a French writer who encountered some friendly opposition in this country for having spoken with an excessive optimism and enthusiasm of Young America and the promises of its spiritual resources. We feel, in turn, like reproaching Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre for her deliberate turning into good of every feature she gives and her ignoring of the dark spots in American civilization. (Walt Whitman pointed to them, fifty years ago, with some vigor, in his "Democratic Vistas" which read as if they had been written today.)

When our author says, for instance, that in America "there are not, as in Europe, people devoured by the rust of boredom, nor people dulled by the routine of a work that nothing interrupts"—we feel that this is overoptimistic. So is the statement that "the 25,000 daily papers in the States contain nothing but neat and precise information on everything that is happening on the globe". One of the most admirable features of the American character is that it welcomes criticism and receives it with a candid eagerness, ignored by some European patriots who demand only unreserved praise of their country. Why, then, this eulogy that remains silent on every fault?

We said it in the beginning of this note: Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre loves America, and love is likely to be partial. Still, this book is a wonderful document of comprehensive traveling. It contains not one dead page, not one prejudiced or second-hand opinion. Our wish—a wish we formulate most rarely after finishing a book—is that "U.S.A." had 300 pages instead of 150.

PIERRE DE LANUX

Germany

THE cry engraved on the flaming red banners under which the German Republic was born on November 9, 1918—"Peace, Freedom, Bread!"—was a cry that resounded with terrible vehemence from the heart of Germany's young writers. The cessation of war let loose a multitude of mental and spiritual energies, intensified in Germany's case by the well-known spiritualizing effects of defeat. In spite of the catastrophic prices of paper and printing, new magazines, new books, new pamphlets flooded from the presses, new dramas and such as the managers had not dared to produce,

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enjoyed the benefits of the abolition of the censorship. In time the first flood tide began to ebb and the current to flow more soberly. Since the organizing talent in Germany had concentrated itself principally in the circles which the war had discredited and thrown from power, the dreamers and idealists upon whom the Republic rested, naturally fell largely a prey to profiteers of every kind.

In serious literature, the most prominent note is revolt in every form and against every form. This is most conspicuous in Germany's vital and admirable drama. There is the very popular theme of the insurrection of the children of this generation, the sons of sword and flame, against the fathers of the last generation, whose comfortable, prosperous, blatantly purse-proud view of life paved the way for the horror—so say the sons. Walter Hasenclever, who is now bringing out a fine little literary magazine called "Menschen" (Mankind), may be regarded as one of the pioneers of this group. His drama "Der Sohn" (The Son) is the tragedy of a youth who, driven to desperation by parental sternness, is saved from parricide only by his father's timely apoplectic stroke. One may say that parricide has replaced adultery as the favorite among the seven deadly sins for dramatic treatment. Korngold's "Verführung" (Seduction) and Reinhard Sorge's "Bettler" (The Beggar) embody similar ideas, also the simple, strong drama "Predigt in Littauen" (A Sermon in Lithuania) by Rolf Lauckner. In "Dies Irae" by Anton Wildgans, a writer of deeply poetic dramas and beautiful lyrics of the Richard Dehmel school, the son is battered to pieces between the conflicting projects of his father and his mother for his future. This author has been influenced here by Ibsen and the tragic married-life pictures of Strindberg.

The pacifistic writers, those whose revolt is against force in any form, constitute another large body among the younger men. Reinhard Goering has practically given up writing to become a futuristic painter of the most extreme school. He is a great loss to literature, but perhaps only temporarily. His powerful play, "Die Seeschlacht" (The Fight at Sea), really a dramatic poem, has for its only scene the turret of a battleship before and during a battle. The little group of sailors who are the only characters, scarcely change their positions during the whole play.

René Schickele, a native of Elsass, wrote a little masterpiece of a drama revealing the torn and divided soul of his native country, "Hans im Schnakenloch" (Hans in the Wasps' Nest), which was produced during the war—a fine act of intellectual tolerance on the part of the old régime. Since the Revolution Schickele has written a number of books in his fiery, nervous style—stories such as "Die Mädchen", "Meine Freundin Lo", and essays, "Schreie auf dem Boulevard". The strain of French blood in him gives movement and color to his use of German.

Hasenclever's wartime dramatic poem—it was called "The Saviour" and showed the prophet-poet struggling against the blind forces of power and statecraft—was produced soon after the Revolution in a little theatre without scenery. The other half of the evening was filled with a savagely brilliant little satire on revolutionary profiteers and opportunist republicans. At this time Hasenclever was known as the "political poet". But this satire was significant of his new trend. He had discovered that politics and poetry

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are inimical and will not blend. In his new work he is devoting himself once more to the purely creative.

As a necessary balance-wheel to the wild republican poets stands the figure of Walter von Molo, cool, proud, dignified, a Prussian to the core, although Austrian by birth; he concentrates his really great talents on the glories of the past. A romance founded on the life of Schiller was followed by one on the life of Queen Louise, whom the Germans love for her diplomatic or rather feminine victory over Napoleon. A really fine piece of work, psychological to a degree, staccato, filled with the stress of the period, is his "Fridericus Rex", an historical romance of Frederick the Great.

Another of the youngest and most sensational geniuses is Kasimir Edschmid, whom everybody reads and few can understand. His romance "Die Achaten Kugeln" (The Agate Balls), with a heroine named Daisy and a certain torrential Americanism as the Germans picture Americanism —all hurry and splendor—, was the sensation of the last book season. He has just published "Die Fürstin" (The Princess), a volume of strange, exotic short stories. The style, though rich and crowded, is not so difficult and expressionistic as in his earlier book. This is the closing passage of "The Adventurous Night".

This was the white, adventurous night, full of Appearances that strode as between magical mild icebergs, which we, still more ghostly, beat underfoot with the cavalry drums until at last, sweet morning, silvery-red, recoiled from our bent brows and set us free.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

NEW ROSES

By Carolyn Hall

JUNE will come back again,
Rose-blown and bird-sung,
June will come back again
With all its largess flung
On arbor lattices
And into orchard trees.

Death has no place in June,
Mixed in with roses,—
Quick incongruity
Which life imposes.

June will come back again
To touch with petaled fingers
The heart that it has burdened.
And while your heartbreak lingers,—
With new roses to attain,
June will come back again.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

George Gibbs

Not long ago we made a literary pilgrimage to Philadelphia; it's like a visit to some quiet glade of Elysium after New York. We like its little street of clubs, straggling quaintly through the centre of the town, as if a small piece of old England had been deposited there. We were sorry not to see A. Edward Newton and George Horace Lorimer; but we are some day going to Philadelphia again. Arthur McKeogh, the gentleman who puts the pictures into the SatEvePost, showed us the luxurious course a manuscript takes when you send it to that plutocratic publication. First it happens in on the lesser, or shall we call them lay readers? Believe me, even their offices seem hushed by reason of the thickness of the carpets. Then, if it is a lucky little manuscript, it wanders down a hallway, on and on through offices of growing splendor, until finally, if it is a particularly lucky little manuscript, it arrests before an imposing painting of the Grand Canyon which luminously fills an entire wall in Mr. Lorimer's office. Last of all it goes back to Mr. McKeogh, who finds someone to do the illustrations.

We saw Sidney Williams, the distinguished literary editor of the "North American Review". We visited the home of the "Betty Wales" books, those books which Mr. Shoemaker, with the cooperation of a dressmaking firm in New York, has succeeded in making a more than interesting experiment in practical publishing. Dr. Oberholtzer told us just why he censors moving pictures—and how; Arthur Crabb, who writes good mystery stories, proved an easy comfortable person with no appearance of ghoulishness at all; and as for George Gibbs, whose gay stories are filled with romance and the snick-snack of spurs, we found him for all the world like a quiet Quaker gentleman. He didn't tell us (because we discussed prohibition) but someone else did, that he is now writing a serious psychological story of a young American boy. It is said to be a more searching piece of work than any by Booth Tarkington. Isn't it funny, that since "Main Street" was a success, all our popular authors are writing *serious* fiction? In this case, that isn't fair—cause why? The novel was started before all the so-called realism deluged us.

The following poems seem to us the best in the March magazines: "All Souls' Night" by William Butler Yeats in "The New Republic", "A House", by Ford Madox Hueffer in "Poetry", "Ice Age" by Genevieve Taggard in "The Measure", "Unknown Country" by Harold Monro in "The Dial", "An Old Man Sees Himself" by Conrad Aiken in "The Dial", "Jailbirds" by Carl Sandburg in "The New Republic", "A Somerset Farmer" by Marguerite Wilkinson in "The North American Review", "The Crows" by Joseph Campbell in "The Freeman", "Tribute" by Aline Kilmer in "Scribner's", a sonnet by Edna St. Vincent Millay in "The Century", and "The Delta" by William Alexander Percy in "The North American Review".

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George H. Mifflin, the president of Houghton Mifflin Company, died on April fifth. He was one of the great American publishers, a firm supporter of the best traditions of booklovers. The Boston "Transcript" said of him:

In his relationship with authors, Mr. Mifflin's responsive personality and cordial, wholehearted manner won for him true and lasting friends, while his consideration and scrupulous justice in all financial dealings called forth their esteem and appreciation. He was a genial and delightful host, and his homes at Andover, Nahant, and also in Boston were centres of generous hospitality. If his untiring devotion to his task of building up a great publishing house prevented him from participating in outside interests, or figuring in public offices, it did not lessen his patriotism and public spirit, or keep him from the exercise of unfailing friendship and from countless kindly benefactions which are remembered in many grateful hearts. He came of a distinguished ancestry, and steadfastly upheld the traditions of his race. He was a man of the most absolute business integrity, adhering to the highest ideals in his work, and in the standard that he set for his associates; truly exemplifying the motto of his house, reprinted upon every title-page, "Tout bien ou rien."

An Englishwoman was talking of our American women writers. She spoke the usual names one hears, and then, with particular warmth, mentioned Grace King. Your Gossip was puzzled. We ask forgiveness; for since then we have read one of Miss King's delightful stories of the south, and have glanced over her new "Creole Families of New Orleans". She is, southerners tell us, one of the quaintest and most charming literary figures of the country. She knew the luxury of life in the south before the Civil War, then, during the fighting, lived on a sugar plantation in lower Louisiana. Her first efforts to write came as a result of talks with visitors from the north, who, she felt, misunderstood the spirit of her people. Her first story appeared in the new "Princeton Review" in 1887. Apparently her father's house was one of the most hospitable and picturesque homes in old New Orleans. Charles Dudley Warner was entertained there, Hamilton Mabie, Eugene Field, Hopkinson Smith, Richard Watson Gilder, Joaquin Miller, and the like. Of a period that suggests gentleness and grace, and of New Orleans, with its atmosphere of French custom and inheritance, Miss King becomes real indeed, and not only real as a person but distinctly worth reading.

Alabama apparently has a true appreciation of its heroes. Agnes Ware Bishop describes a recent happy homecoming:

Henry Walthal, the emotional actor and hero of "The Birth of a Nation", was born and raised in Alabama. During the month of April he visited the haunts of his boyhood and renewed old friendships, while at the same time acting in the spoken drama. The Selma Writers' Club entertained him—but what he perhaps enjoyed most was an old-fashioned Fishing Party and Fish Fry. Mr. Walthal then played in Demopolis, the veriest little gem of a place, where he had spent much of his boyhood. Demopolis was settled by officers of Napoleon's army and members of the nobility exiled from France. The county is called Marengo and still retains much of the charm of its aristocratic lineage.

When we become famous we're going back to Vermont and demand pancakes with maple syrup.

Russell E. Smith sends us word of Indianapolis's projection into the Shakespeare controversy.

Another Indianian has come to light with a bid for fame—one who, if all prophecies of Dreiser and other authorities come true, will some day be haled as a pioneer in literary research. He is John Maxwell, of the Indianapolis "Star", a well-known local newspaper man.

Mr. Maxwell has spent years in research and has evolved a work on Shakespeare that has astonished the few who have read it, and may astound the world at some—it is to be hoped—not distant day.

Maxwell does not pose as a Shakespearian scholar of high degree; he has no wish to de-

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tract from Shakespeare's fame and no desire to transfer the glory of the great literary achievement to any contemporary of the bard of Avon unless investigation justifies it. Mr. Maxwell has a fancy for delving into puzzling problems, however, and the Shakespeare problem attracted him. So he took up the study of the subject and for ten years pursued it, spending during that time many months in Washington in research work in the Congressional Library. He did not follow in the well-trodden paths of those who confer the authorship on Francis Bacon, nor did he accept the syndicate theory, but struck out on a new lead for himself. The conclusion to which he has come is, that Lord Robert Cecil, one of the ablest statesmen of his time, wrote the plays. It cannot be denied that he has assembled many facts and arguments that are at least impressive and plausible and go far to support his theory, whether they be accepted as proofs or not. It should be emphasized that he depends on no ciphers or cryptograms.

Readers of Mr. Maxwell's manuscript, which now contains material equal to two thick volumes, find it fascinating. Theodore Dreiser says of it: "I know something about most of the books on the question. John Maxwell has solved the problem as near as it can be solved. All roads lead to one man and he shows the man. It is a master work, as fascinating as a dime novel and as dignified and forceful and moving as great writing can be. I am all worked up about it. I count it a privilege to have been allowed to read it and recommend it."

Charles Kettleborough, director of the legislative reference bureau of the state of Indiana, a scholarly man, says he has read the manuscript three times. He is greatly impressed by the character of the work and considers it of sufficient merit to challenge the thoughtful attention of Shakespearian scholars. He declares the Cecil theory is more attractive and convincing than the Bacon theory. It will certainly provoke discussion; and it is not unlikely, he thinks, that it will precipitate and promote a scientific investigation of the whole question. "As an example of a careful, orderly, and well written thesis," Mr. Kettleborough concludes, "the work has my unqualified approval."

So! Will they one day, we wonder, be spending years figuring out just who wrote the Gossip Shop?

John Fox, Jr., leading a procession of imitators, has given the public a type of character that he knew and loved. He studied the mountains and their people and through his pen many traits peculiar to them were verified and given emphasis. The primitive Kentuckian quarantined by geology, remote from towns, unbelievingly ignorant, speaking Shakespearian English and singing his early English ballads, seemed to embody the best swashbuckler tradition of romance that has held the public sympathy for years.

John Fox did much for the public but more for the mountaineer. He ultimately brought him education, the refined cultured teacher, better roads and easier intercommunication. Though perhaps not so romantic, the type today shows the evolution of better citizens, just as good for fictional purpose, with a growing taste for peace. Feuds, ambush shooting, vendettas are vanishing, vote selling and jury bribing—unhappily not confined to mountain or plain—are being lessened, while that loyalty to traditions of hospitality still shelters the stranger within the gates.

It is from this modern type that Annie Fellows Johnston is taking the characters for the story she is now writing, "The Mountain Mail". She visits the scenes, makes friends—here as elsewhere—, and studies the mountain nature at first hand.

Your Gossip was talking to a gentle lady who lives on Washington Square, pours tea in a manner inimitably regal, and, while sitting in front of mignonette and dreaming of a past generation, yet keeps avidly in touch with the new. "I can remember", she told us, "the days of Edith Wharton's 'Age of Innocence' almost too well. How foolish we were! What a good time we might have had, if we hadn't been bound down and around by antimacassar rules and tidy little moral principles. Why was it that I spent most of the best years of my life digging for ma-

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terial in the British Museum, when I should have been skating unchaperoned, 'expressing myself'. And then, there are those of my generation who would have you think that they deplore the vanished days of Victorianism. Don't let them fool you—they're jealous!"

Earl E. Fisk writes us from Green Bay, Wisconsin, that the enrolment of the Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin offers what is probably the most diverse list of students known:

I wonder if "Gossip Shop" would be interested in knowing that prisoners at the State Prison, convent sisters, farmers, business men, club women, teachers and graduate students in various universities, are numbered among the persons in many walks of life who make up the list of 1,100 students now enrolled in the 33 correspondence courses offered by the Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin in English Language and Literature. This is probably the embryo of more "Main Street literati".

Exactly 114 foreign students, including 16 women and representing 22 countries, are among the 7,004 students at the University this year. China leads with 36 students; Norway has 18; the Philippine Islands, 17; Canada, 7; France and Japan, 5 each; Brazil, Hawaii, and South Africa, 3 each; Chile, England, India, and Porto Rico, 2 each; and Argentina, Colombia, Iceland, Mexico, New Zealand, Nova Scotia, Peru, Portugal, and Sweden, 1 each.

Wouldn't you like to get them together in the same classroom?

The other day, Martyn Johnson, trim and suave, as probably befits any former editor of "The Dial", came in to tell us that he had definitely given his destinies to the motion pictures. He has started in with rather a novel procedure for an author. Believing that the peculiar technique of motion pictures demands understanding of the rudiments, he has, for the nonce, becomes a movie actor. He calls himself Michael Dark, we believe, and will have an important rôle in the screen version of Donn Byrne's "The Foolish Matrons", said to be one of the best dramatizations of a book ever produced.

This leads us to a discussion. "The Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post" published an editorial on the motion picture in which it lamented the lack of an Ariel touch on the screen, and deplored the present-day prevalence of rough Caliban. This was a pretty fancy; but Fritz Tidden in "The Moving Picture World" proceeded to rap the gentleman who wrote said editorial because, said Mr. Tidden, one should not write of the motion pictures unless one knows something about them. Then Mr. Tidden paid us a delicate compliment because, said he, we employ those who know, to write of the movies. Thanks—but now we proceed to write of them ourselves—and we, like the "Post" critic, are rank outsiders. However, we humbly feel that within the past months motion pictures have made a great advance. As a rule, there are more truly artistic pictures on Broadway than there are plays of the same character. After all, we have never seen a dramatization on the stage of a novel that did not disappoint the readers of that novel. Why should the motion pictures do so very much better, even with a more plastic medium?

Take "Sentimental Tommy" as a film, for example. We found it quaint, well acted, and thoroughly enjoyable; but the young gentleman who went with us to the performance was extremely bored. And there must be movies for that young gentleman. "Dream Street", D. W. Griffith's picture founded on two of the Thomas Burke "Limehouse Nights", is far below the Griffith average, though there are moments of great photographic

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beauty. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", however, is so much better a moving picture than it was a novel, that we are led to believe what we have always secretly felt, that Blasco Ibáñez is really a moving picture scenario writer and not a novelist at all. It is an intensely dramatic piece of work. The mobs are somewhat placid—it takes a Griffith to give life to crowds. But the picture, as a whole, is good entertainment, and I don't see why anyone should quarrel over it. With the really astounding German films running in on us, we should make even further progress; for we cannot allow ourselves to be outdone by our late enemies, surely! It seems to me that the gentle critic of the "Post" is a little behind the times in his vituperation. The moving pictures are awake to the artistic, and they are rapidly improving.

The postwar John Masefield is a different man, and a different poet, from the Masefield who wrote "August 1914", "Gallipoli", and "The Old Front Line". He seems to have turned from depression and the sea to vivid motion and color. "Reynard the Fox" swings with vigor and the whiff of dust from the hoofs of the hunt; "Right Royal" is a rattling good yarn; and his new book, they tell us, is a legend of Old King Cole, that jolly gentleman who once decorated the now defunct Knickerbocker Bar. For Your Gossip, though, Masefield the man will always mean the war and the sea. It was in Liverpool early in 1918. There was only a handful of passengers, mostly the military, on a ship returning to New York City. We were adrift in the saloon waiting for tea, and wondering how the voyage could possibly prove anything but interminable, when a tall, thin, deep-eyed man sat next us. We had met him once before. It was Masefield. From then on, the voyage was a privilege. Most of it was spent, with steamer chairs lashed to the deck, listening to his stories of the front line from which he had just come. He had ruined his health by efforts at gaining information on the Somme front. He was tired, and somewhat depressed; but even in such evil times as those days were, when the war looked its blackest, there was a fine spirituality about him. Going out of the harbor at Liverpool, he showed us the funny old grey ship on which he was trained as a midshipman. Then, one night, we wandered from our chairs to the prow. It was calmer than usual. We stood watching the white curl below us for over an hour. Then, suddenly, we realized that for the first time during our entire trip we were talking of something other than the war—poetry. It was the first time either of us had thought of Shelley, of Herrick, of Keats—for over a year.

THE LITERARY PALATE

Harrowing adventures on an island full of savages,
Thrilling tales of super-crooks that terrorize the land,
Epics of a world aflame and war and all its ravages,
Sleuths that foil the cunning of a counterfeiters' band—

Plutocratic pirates and their henchmen of the underworld,
Foreign agents, woman spies, with whom they work in league,
Mystic lore of China, that intoxicating wonder-world,
Wily machinations of the masters of intrigue—

Narratives that gripped us with their powerful virility....
Ah, those happy hours adolescence used to share!
But those boyhood joys are gone and in our crabbed senility
Sex and psychic fiction form the literary fare.

—*Max Lief*

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The day after the première of "Clair de Lune"—the paste jewel wrought by Michael Strange and so exquisitely set with John and Ethel Barrymore as part of the gold—the newspapers broke out in a rash of reprints from the social register to indicate how many of the best people had attended what they persisted in calling "dear Blawnche's curious play". Michael Strange, who is now the wife of John Barrymore, was Blanche Oelrichs before she was Mrs. Leonard Thomas. So society was out in force to witness her début as a playwright.

Of course the Barrymore clan was present in a solid phalanx—with John Drew and Louise Drew looking a trifle perplexed and Lionel Barrymore's gentle countenance tacitly imploring everyone not to mention "Macbeth" to him. Since John is also a movie actor, the Gish girls attended ceremoniously and Conway Tearle kept a sardonic eye on the proceedings. Then as eleven o'clock passed and the play ran on and on, the already suffocating audience was miraculously augmented by players along Broadway who had rushed through their performances, foregone the pleasure of curtain calls, and dashed to the Empire without even pausing to take off their makeup.

Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, looking lovelier far than you would think possible from the portrait of her which Sargent has just finished, flaunted a second-row seat and beside her sat Neysa McMein, who is fairer to behold than any head she ever drew herself. This most successful of the women artists in America, who is always referred to in the Illinois papers as "Quincy's talented daughter", is a first-night hound. It is hard to understand when she finds time to do one out of every two magazine covers on the nearest news stand. She must be a syndicate. Back of her Edna Ferber could be descried, attended by Arthur H. Samuels, the composer. Clare Sheridan, who became famous as sculptress-in-chief at the Moscow Court and is now tossing off heads of our own *haute noblesse*, surveyed the proceedings from a box.

After these notables had all been inspected, the audience gave a fleeting attention to the play and then proceeded to trample it under foot. Why, they asked, had Barrymore done it at all? The wag of wags put it in a nutshell. He said: "For love of Mike."

Professor Einstein

Your Gossip has sat at the feet of Dr. Einstein. And is consumed with pride at the thought of having understood every word of the Professor's discourse. We must, however, in justice to ourselves confess that the scientist had made no reference whatever to relativity. He had, in fact, been explaining the reason for his visit to America: his interest in the establishment of the Jewish university in Palestine. We were much taken with Dr. Einstein's gentle manner, free from any suggestion of pose or pompousness; and with his radiant gratitude for the goodwill which America has extended to him.

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Making a play out of the book "Main Street" must have been one of the grandest larks in which a group of authors ever indulged. Harriet Ford was telling us about it only the other day. She had just returned from Atlantic City where she had been doctoring a play and was just going somewhere else to doctor another one. She wore an orange hat (we are partial to orange) and a sable stole (we

Harvey O'Higgins

think it was sable, and in future we are going to have all such details filled in by our fashion editor). It seems that when Harvey O'Higgins (who is now on the movie coast) and Miss Ford sat considering the play, they thought, "How nice it would be to have Mr. Lewis up on the farm." So they got him. They took him off into the country and set him down in Mr. O'Higgins's studio, where he squatted on the floor playing with a fencing foil while the two collaborators wrote the play. Whenever a character would do something that just couldn't have happened in Gopher Prairie, Mr. Lewis would arise to his highest and pluck out the offending line. The three worked at top speed and highest pressure, all day and all evening. Only one disagreement, Miss Ford will tell you—and that a small one. This in spite of Mr. Lewis's flaming hair, too. "He was unbelievably nice," Miss Ford told us. "If we wanted some material for a speech, he'd get up and give us a long lingo. He seemed particularly fond of Dr. Kennicott, and he would talk the Doctor for hours. He seemed saturated with him. Sometimes there would be only one good line in fifteen minutes' talk; but that was a gem! After he was through, he'd look at us—and sense what was on our faces. If he didn't see the right look, he'd take his foil, sit down and just say solemnly, 'Canned'. It was great fun. Yes, there will be a corner of 'Main Street' represented, and you're going to like Carol. You can say, too, that we've solved her problem—or we think we have." So we are soon to see a presentation of this much discussed book on the stage. It is being cast now, will be tried out before Mr. Lewis sails for Europe this spring, and will be given in New York in the fall.

From writing grand opera librettos to dashing off lyrics for a musical comedy is a long leap; but not too long for the graceful and accomplished Brian Hooker. Few men know more about the technique of verse than the author of "Mona" and "Fairyland". In fact, he is a teacher of rhythmics. The other day he told us that in all his experience in writing poetry, he had never been forced to call into use so much knowledge of the whys and wherefores of versification as in fitting words to one of Rudolf Friml's fox trots in "June Love", a gay and delightfully summery musical comedy now running in New York City, for which Hooker wrote the lyrics. The

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experiment of having a sure-enough poet collaborate in a girl-and-music show has proved so successful that it should be done again and again. It proves, too, that an academician can frivol; for there is surely nothing highbrow about this:

Oh the Vamp! Vamp! Vamp! Vamp! Vamp!
She's a nectarine, a pippin and a peach;
She's emotional and sexual and highly intellectual
And equally effectual in each.
She's a jolly little sport with the boys of every sort,
In the college, in the court or in the camp—
Though her years may handicap her,
Why, the flapping of the Flapper,
Isn't in it with the vamping of the Vamp!
Vamp! Vamp!
Of the variable, veritable Vamp!

Grant Overton writes us that in spite of a honeymoon, he will prepare an article for us. We are ever so humble and grateful. His new novel, they say, is an unusually literary one; for it takes Whitman's private life and makes it the basis for what seems to us must be rather a sensational affair. The sensational part of it is denied by those who have read the manuscript, however. He has probably refrained from writing a realistic novel.

The Gossip Shop offers a monthly prize, or prizes, as the case may be. Stealing an idea from our esteemed cross-ocean neighbor, the London "Times", we will propound each month a series of "literary questions". This month Mary K. Ford, that gay and sly lady who knows all the funny little out of the way places of literature and many on the beaten track, brought us the following posers. Alas, we do not tell how many we *couldn't* answer! Rules of the games are as follows: answers must be sent before the fifteenth of June, and we call on your honesty to write plainly beside each answer whether or not you *looked it up*. For the three best replies (if there are three!) we will give any one of the following books (please state your preference): "Notes on Life and Letters" by Joseph Conrad, "Supers and Supermen" by Philip Guedalla, "Our Family Affairs" by E. F. Benson, or any volume mentioned in the June "Editor Recommends". Here are the questions!

1. What was the charade in which Becky Sharp scored such a success at Gaunt House?
2. Name three members of the famous Brook Farm community who later became famous.
3. What modern English prelate had three sons all of whom distinguished themselves in literature?
4. In which of Macaulay's essays is his famous reference to the New Zealander on London Bridge?
5. What modern poem, widely quoted during the war, has the refrain "Play up! play up! and play the game!"
6. Who drew the famous cartoon in Punch, "Dropping the Pilot", and what occasioned it?
7. Name a writer who wrote excellent modern fables before George Ade.
8. Where is the following masterly definition of good society to be found?

"'My idea of good company is the company of clever, well-informed people who have a great deal of conversation; that is what I call good company.'

"'You are mistaken,' said he gently, 'that is not good company—that is the best.'"

Again, sectional literary pride! Why not! Elizabeth Palmer Milbank writes us from Chillicothe, Missouri, of the Missouri Writers' Guild:

Probably the most distinguishing feature of the Missouri Writers' Guild is the number of "Onlies" included in its membership. It has enrolled the only Augustus Thomas (born in St. Louis), the greatest living dramatist; the only Winston Churchill (born in St. Louis), the greatest American novelist; the only Harold Bell Wright, the sole American novelist who has become a millionaire through his writings; the only Sara Teasdale (born in St. Louis), America's sweetest lyric songstress; the only Fannie Hurst (born in St. Louis), the greatest short story realist of the era; the only woman major in the U. S. army, Maude Radford Warren, who, though born in Canada, claims Missouri as her home; the only Mary Alicia Owens, the one white woman ever admitted into full membership in an Indian tribe, the last word in American folk lore, and better

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known in London, England, than in her home town, St. Joseph; the only Rose O'Neil, whose picture stories have delighted more people, young and old, than anything else of the sort except Palmer Cox's Brownies, and whose kewpies are sold at every street fair.

Nor does she stop here, but claims Rupert Hughes, Zoe Akins, Leigh Mitchell Hodges, Randall Parish, Homer Croy, Louis Dodge, J. Breckenridge Ellis, Sophie E. Redford, Edna Kenton, Caroline Abbot Stanley, W. L. Nelson, and, with a final flourish, Champ Clark, Mark Twain, and Eugene Field. Hooray for Missouri!

Not long ago the students at the Library School of the New York Public Library were set a stupendous task! In groups of four, they were asked by an instructor to edit THE BOOKMAN for May. When a dozen or so dummy magazines arrived, we saw with amazement how very easy indeed it must be to plan a number of such a simple publication as this one with a blue cover. Shall we quote part of the table of contents, just to show you how the young ladies, in this particular instance, would go about it?

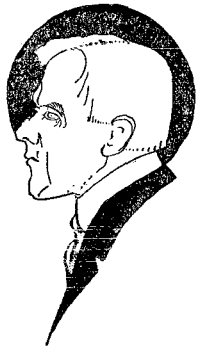
CONTENTS

Is the Best the Best? .....*H. L. Mencken*
Environment and the Author..*Willa S. Cather*
Haunts of the Chinese Poets ...*Witter Bynner*
Three Poems .....*Conrad Aiken*
Quest of "The Folio" .....*Henrietta Bartlett*
Poem .....*Cale Young Rice*
The Intellectuals and a Young Nation....
..... *Heywood Broun*
Arnold Bennett .....*S. K. Ratcliffe*
Misleading Titles .....*J. C. Squire*
Poems of the Month.....*Jessie B. Rittenhouse*

and so forth.

Fred Lockley has been cornering more Oregon authors for us. Apparently there is no end to the supply.

Anthony Euwer, author of "Rhymes of Our Valley", lives at Parkdale, Oregon, at the foot of Mt. Hood in the Hood River Valley. In answer to my question as to when and where he was born he said: "Geologically speaking, I was born in the carboniferous age. In any event, I was born at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, this auspicious event occurring on February 11, 1877. My mother's maiden name was Virginia Courtney. My father's name was Anthony H. Euwer. Both father and mother were born in Pennsylvania and both are of Scotch-Irish stock. My childhood was more or less unimportant, probably less—as it *didn't* take long. After attending Shady Side Academy in Pittsburgh I put in a couple of years at Princeton, graduating there in 1898. My first writing was as a reporter on the Pittsburgh 'Press'. While I was a reporter I studied art at the night school. Later I studied at the Art Students' League in New York and also went to the New York School of Expression. In 1911 I proceeded to England and the continent, where I spent a year. This trip gave me material for magazine articles and also material for lyceum work. In 1913 I came to Oregon and joined my brother at the foot of Mt. Hood. The majesty of Mt. Hood and the beauty of the valley inspired my book called 'Rhymes of Our Valley'."



In F. Anstey's "Vice Versa", a magical talisman puts the Puckish spirit of a boy into the body of an elderly man. Alexander Black reminded Your Gossip of this boy-man, when, not long ago, we called on him and his delightful wife in their apartment in the Village. Our memory holds excellent coffee, and the deep voice of Mr. Black pouring out good talk. Why didn't we hide a dictaphone behind the couch! What it soaked up would be printable *as is*—in the jargon of auction catalogues.

Mr. Black's next book will be a volume of essays. This summer he's going to block out a new novel. "I think I'll write an objective book for a change," he told us. We haven't a doubt that, like "The Great Desire" and "The Seventh Angel", it will be an achievement in pungency.

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